

THE
SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER:
A COMEDY,
IN FIVE ACTS,
BY A. CHERRY,
Of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.



NEW YORK

Published by CHARLES WELCH, NO. 3 WALL STREET, G. C.
APEN & LEE, AND M'CARTE & DAVIS, PHILADELPHIA,
PHILA. AND SAMUEL H. PARKER, BOSTON.

1837

PROLOGUE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE COMEDY.

THE wretch condemned, who pines in silent sorrow,
And fears the dawn of the all-dreadful morrow,
When, from this earth, his soul must take her flight,
The realms to seek of eternal night —
As he the awful scaffold slowly climbs,
And dreads the vengeance that attends his crimes,
Hope,—like a smiling cherub, opens her gate,
And points out *mercy* on her throne of state!
Justice obedient to the white-robed maid,
Sheathes her drawn sword--and grants her willing
aid

So the scared author of our play to night,
Dreads *even these lamps*, that bring his crimes to
light.

Though chilling dew-drops mark the culprit's fear,
He knows *your justice*—if his cause you hear;
But should his guilt excite the critic fury,
His hope is—mercy— from an *English jury*.

A home-spun fabric he presents to view,
Devised, constructed, and prepared for you:
From nature drawn—and fed with nature's food,
His men and women—*merely flesh and blood!*
'Through his rude scenes benevolence holds plate
'To chase the tear from off pale sorrow's face;
Cheer the sad husband, aid the faithful wife,
And fain would smoothe the rugged road of life
A youthful merchant ventures on this shore,
Where many a merchant has been seen before

PROLOGUE.

Ye sons of commerce, grant your powerful aid,
 And give your voices—*in support of trade!*
 He adds thereto— to fill his varied scene,
 A sprightly fair one of no vulgar mien,
 From nature's school, with virtue's precepts taught
 her,

A *yeoman's widow* and a *soldier's daughter*.

All English growth— from garden, forest, field
 Some *perfumed flowers*—while some a *person* yield,
Who, from his native laird *at all* in root?
 Even *Eden's* garden nursed *forbidden fruit*!
 Our author therefore, if his scheme's you scan,
 But shows the danger, to preserve the man.

If, in these home-made scenes, he bade me say,
 You aught can find to send you pleased away
 If woe domestic can its grief impart,
 Or sportive pleasure animate the heart,
 At both he aims—and should his schemes succeed,
 Your generous plauchts make him blest indeed!
 If with your smiles you greet his first endeavour
 You bind him yours, for ever and for ever!



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	<i>Drury Lane.</i>	<i>New York.</i>
Governor Heartall,	<i>Mr. Douton,</i>	<i>Mr. Johnson.</i>
Frank Heartall,	<i>Booth,</i>	<i>Harwood.</i>
Malfort, sen.	<i>Doel,</i>	<i>Tyler.</i>
Malfort, jun.	<i>Pope,</i>	<i>Fennell.</i>
Captain Woodly,	<i>Kilmer,</i>	<i>Martin.</i>
Mr. Ferret,	<i>Palmer,</i>	<i>Harper.</i>
Timothy Quaint,	<i>Collins,</i>	<i>Hogg.</i>
Simon,	<i>Caulfield,</i>	<i>Hallam.</i>
Tom,	<i>Webb,</i>	<i>Sanderson.</i>
William,	<i>Chatterly,</i>	<i>Shapler.</i>
Footman,	<i>Evans,</i>	<i>Robinson.</i>

Widow Cheerly,	<i>Mrs. Jordan,</i>	<i>Mrs. Johnson.</i>
Mrs. Malfort,	<i>Young,</i>	<i>Melmoth.</i>
Mrs. Townly,	<i>Maddocks,</i>	<i>Darby.</i>
Mrs. Fidget,	<i>Sparks,</i>	<i>Hogg.</i>
Susan,	<i>Scott,</i>	<i>Harper.</i>
Julia, (Malfort's child)	<i>Miss Kelly,</i>	<i>Miss Martin.</i>

Servants, &c.

SCENE — *London.*

THE
SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

—♦—
ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I

AN ANTI CHAMBER IN THE HOUSE OF MALFORT, SEN,

[A very loud single knock at the outside door

Enter William and Simon meeting

Sim Well William—what—what's the matter now?

Will Not much, master Simon—only Mr Ferret's porter, to let you know that his master intends to call as he returns from 'change.

Sim Ay, like foul weather, he generally comes un-sent for. Shall I tell you a secret, William?—I hate that man! I detest your sly, slow, hesitating friendships, plain honesty flows freely from the heart to the lips, and honour gives it utterance. *(a loud knocking at the outer door)* Heyday! Mr Ferret's porter again, I suppose?

Will *(looking off)* No, it is Mr Ferret himself.

Sim Is it?—then begone, William—get about your business—have an eye to the door—look to the plate—let nothing be stolen, nothing be wasted—

Will I am gone, old Careful

(exit)

Sim. • Old Careful ! 'gad a mercy, young ~~Adage~~—a-pace !

Fer. (*within*) What, in this room, is he ? O very well.

Enter Ferret.

Fer. Hah, old Adage, are you there ?

Sim. Yer, sir, I am here :—an old adage is better than a new face.

Fer. A new face ?

Sim. Yes, sir ; some folks have a collection, and can wear the kind of countenance that best answers their purpose.

Fer. Well said, old boy ! ha, ha, ha !—well, have you had any news from ~~Adage~~, from my old friend your master ?

Sim. No—hav'nt you ? 'tis whispered that you have. Paper speaks when beards never wag.

Fer. I am his factor here, and from his clerks, I sometimes have a hint of his domestic concerns : But should he suddenly surprise us by his appearance, all things, I trust, are right, Simon—you understand me ?

Sim. No—speak out ; I am old, and dull of apprehension.

Fer. A hint should be enough, friend Simon : you know I am a plain, simple, straight-forward fellow—apt to talk too much perhaps—

Sim. (*stily*) Or not enough perhaps.

Fer. You know, master Simon, I cannot flourish upon a subject ; but I do most heartily wish to make my worthy friend, my benefactor too, your honour'd master, (*taking Simon's hand with the affectation of great kindness*) I say I could wish to set his heart at rest upon a subject that absorbs all other thoughts, and renders even his large possessions, his lands, his ingots, and accumulating wealth, mere unregarded dross.

Sim. Ay, I underst and you now—our lost young master. It is a subject I never cared to touch upon—

he cannot bear it. After our good lady's death, and my old master went to take possession in the east, our young gentleman was left behind to adjust some family affairs, and then to follow—but no—oh dear no—the hungry ocean will gape, and we fear our young master long since has been its prey.

Fer. I may be wrong. I am naturally anxious, you know. 'Tis true, your master, should he survive, most likely will expect from me, on his return, some satisfaction on this subject; but, is it the office of a man to make his patron miserable?—no;—his letters have been filled with strong expressions of parental solicitude.

Sim. *(catching him up)* What—he has written then?

Fer. N—yes—yes, yes—on his first going abroad I certainly had letters——

Sim. Which you have answered like a consoling comforter?

Fer. No.——

Sim. I thought so.

[aside.

Ner. I have replied to them with caution. Poor Henry! poor fellow! he has had many strange tossings and tumblings. I have had my emissaries at work, who have still kept an attentive eye upon his conduct; but his progress was velocity itself. Immediately after the departure of his father, he became what we call quite a jolly dog; while his cash lasted he kept his horses, his hounds, his curricula—flushed at the court, drove through the city, got connected with the family of old Discount, the banker——

Sim. That was prudent, however; a worthy man: honesty and honour are a noble firm; 'tis a partnership that misfortune only can dissolve.

Fer. His son, a young profligate, and the younger Malfort, became inseparable friends: his daughter, what we call in the city a dasher; she, forsooth,

caught your young master's fancy; in fine, he married her.

Sim. Heaven bless them!

Fer. A union he well knew, that could never meet his father's wishes; He has therefore carefully concealed it from his knowledge; then business was the cry—young Discount and Malfort entered jointly therein; one foolish speculation followed up another; your young master was drained, his own possessions sunk, his wife's fortune demolished—her father, heart-broken, died; his son, torn with shame and disappointment, fled, the Lord knows whither; whilst poor Malfort remained a ruined bankrupt, and his wife—

Sim. What? speak!

Fer. Why, perhaps the most helpless of heaven's afflicted creatures—a beggar'd fine lady.

Sim. Poor creature! where are they now?

Fer. All my enquiries from this last stage of their situation have been fruitless, entirely fruitless: believe me, Simon.—(as if he knew more but would not utter it) Good day, friend Simon! I am naturally anxious; but 'tis not my way to create uneasiness in the bosoms of my friends; if my purse was large enough, they might all put their hands into it.

[shaking Simon by the hand with great seeming affection.]

Good day.

Sim. Ah! I doubt it much: your purse is like your heart—deep but close. Oh, my poor young master! well, he was a generous youth: when but a mere boy, how have I seen him bestow his favours on the wretched! and stand, with moistened eyes, to see poor naked children feed upon his bounty! and now, perhaps he needs himself a benefactor, and pines in secret misery! my old heart cannot bear the thought. Well, there are many turnings in the road of life, and I perhaps at length, may find the path that leads

to comfort; for I would gladly share even my last hard morsel with my master's son. *[exit.]*

SCENE II. AN APARTMENT IN GOVERNOR HEARTAIL'S HOUSE.

Enter Timothy Quaint and Mrs. Fidget.

Mrs. F. 'Tis no such a thing, Mr Timothy; give me leave to know the private concerns of a family that I have lived with before you were born.

Tim. If that's the case, they have no private concerns by this time: they are pretty public now.

Mrs. F. Jackanapes! does it follow, because I indulge you with my communications, that all the world are to be instructed by me.

Tim. No; it doesn't follow, it generally goes before: you retail your knowledge every week-day in small paragraphs, and on Sunday you rush forth yourself fresh from the press—a walking journal of weekly communication.

Mrs. F. Well, am I not right there, mongrel? it is the moral duty of a christian to instruct the ignorant, and open the minds of the uninformed.

Tim. Yes; but you are not content with opening their minds, you open their mouths too, and set them prating for a week to come.

Mrs. F. It requires but little pains, however, to set you prating. Such a tongue! mercy on me! gibble, gabble, prittle, prattle, for ever and for ever!

Tim. Lord a mercy, there's a plumper! When I came to live in this house, I never opened my lips for the first quarter. the thing was impossible: your eternal clatter almost starved as well as dumb-founded me. I could put nothing either in or out of my mouth. I was compelled to eat my victuals at mid-

night: for until you were as fast as a church, I was forced to be silent as a tomb-stone.

Mrs. F. Why, sirrah! jackanapes! monkey! his honour has suffered your impertinent freedoms, till you are become quite master of the house; and now I suppose you want to be mistress too.

Tim. So do you; therefore we quarrel.——Two of a trade, you know——

Mrs. F. But your master shall know of your tricks, your fancies, and your insolences——

Tim. Let him, he likes it: he says himself I am an odd fish—and thorn-back, I suppose, or I shouldn't be able to deal with an old maid.

Mrs. F. Old maid! slanders! impudence! puppy! have I lived to this time of day to be called old maid, at last? I never, till now, seriously wish'd to be married. Had I a husband——

Tim. If you had, he'd be the most envied mortal in England.

Mrs. F. Why, fellow? why?

Tim. Because there is not such another woman in the kingdom. (bell rings.)

Mrs. F. Don't you hear the bell, puppy?

Tim. No; your clapper drowns it.

Mrs. F. My clapper? (violently.)

Tim. Yes, your clapper. (calmly.)

Enter Simon.

Sim. O lord! what's to do here; why here's a battle royal, between the young bantam and the old hen!

Tim. (perceiving Simon,) Ah! master Simon, how do you do?

Sim. Honest Timothy! give me your hand: where is the governor? I have something of importance to impart. Can I see him to communicate?

Tim. Ay, to be sure. Step with me, master Simon, and I'll introduce you to the governor, directly: I haven't seen him this morning, therefore cannot tell

you what sort of humour he is in : he lay down in a phrenzy, last night, boiling with rage against his nephew. Mr. Ferret was here, and he always leaves the old gentleman in a stew.

Sim. What —— old Blow-coal, as I call him ! if a dormant spark of animosity exists, his breath is sure to make it blaze.

Tim. Come, then, master Simon, let me show you to the governor, and see if we cannot contrive to blow up this son of sulphur. [*Exit.*

Sim. Have with you, my boy. [*going.*

Mrs. F. Mr. Simon, I shall expect you in my room, when your business is over, to taste my cordial, and drink a safe return to your worthy master.

Sim. That I will, with all my heart ; yet, let me tell you, Mrs. Fidget, there is no cordial like a gentle temper ; not any beverage half so delicious, as when it is sweetened by the lips of good-humour.

[she curtsies—they exeunt severally.]

SCENE III. A PLAIN CHAMBER.

Mrs. Malfort discovered.

Mrs. M. How mournfully passes each sad hour with those on whom misfortune's burden rests ; distress, accumulating distress, even the poignant dread of want ; a husband sinking beneath a load of worldly care, and a poor prattling innocent unconscious of her state, are now my whole possessions. A brother, banished by his own imprudence, and my husband's father removed to climes far, far beyond enquiry, and ignorant of his son's desponding state——or, knowing it, perhaps by evil tongues——or, monstrous suggestion, hardened to his sufferings : what then remains for me ? despair ! no—that power whose justice shields the weak and mourning sufferer will show its mercy

also, where fortune frowns, not guilt. nor pompous splendid vanity have caused the sad reverse: sweet patience be my comfort then, for I will not despair.

[seats herself at the table.]

■ *Frank H. (within)* Say, you so, my little cherub, will you be my convoy: with such a pilot I cannot fail to make my port secure.

Enter Frank Heartall and Julia.

Jul. Mamma, here's a gentleman who says he wants to speak to you.

(Mrs. M. just looks up and then resumes her situation.)

Frank H. A charming woman! but certainly not the person I last night traced to the house in her carriage from the opera.

Jul. (pulling him by the coat) Sir, this is my mamma, you said you had something very particular to say to her.

Frank H. Ye—ye—yes, my dear, very particular, to a lady, as I thought in this house, but not to her.

Jul. Why is't mamma a lady?

Frank H. Certainly, yes, my dear, but what can I think of all this: she seems absorb'd in grief; 'poor girl! perhaps the neglected victim of some wealthy profligate, and this little prattler the offspring of her dishonour; left ungratefully to perish, while her seducer wantonly drives his curricie through the public streets, and unblushingly smiles upon each passing female; by heaven, with my good will, such wretches should wear an indelible stamp of public infamy, that all good men might shun them, and women learn to abhor the traitors to their sex.'

Mrs. M. (coming forward) Sir, your business, if you please.

Frank H. My business, madam, is—a delicate creature by my soul! *[aside]* why really, madam, I—I—I cannot exactly tell you what my business is; I am here, led by a cherub into the presence of an angel. I dare not rudely ask the cause of your affliction, but

your presence interests me, and be assured I should feel the warmest gratification in alleviating your sorrows.

Mrs. M. Sir, there is a frankness in your manner, which assures me of your sincerity; but my uneasiness springs from a source of a domestic nature, in which the interference of a stranger cannot be essential. I thank you, sir, and beg you will retire.

Frank H. Instantly, madam, at your command; [*going, returns*] I am an odd, volatile, unthinking fellow; always involved in some curst scrape or other; but I would not willingly bring a blush upon the cheek of modesty: pray pardon me, madam, but it strikes me that you have been betrayed—yourself and little one abandoned to the world, unfriended and unknown.

Mrs. M. [*in great affliction*] O heavens! [*turns up the stage and sits down.*]

Julia, [*going to her*] Mamma, dear mamma!

Frank H. [*observing her*] Yes——my old luck—I have done mischief, I have touch'd the spring; her sensibility revolts against her situation, and she feels all the pangs of insulted dignity.

Mrs. M. [*during Heartfall's speech appears to ask questions of the child, then coming forward*] Sir, I now clearly perceive your mistake; you had conceived my child was instructed to bring you hither.

Frank H. Really, madam, I—

Mrs. M. 'Tis a venial error, sir; but you have equally mistaken my circumstances and situation; nursed in the lap of affluence, I cannot descend to particularise to strangers, why I am thus dejected and obscured. I beseech you, sir, as you are a gentleman, to retire; my husband's return is every moment expected—his appearance therefore might embarrass you, nor could it be fairly understood that you entered these apartments on the invitation of my child.

[*Heartall bows to Mrs. Malfort, and is going off the stage, when Malfort enters and meets him.*]

Malf. I beg your pardon, sir—I have mistaken the apartment. [*Frank H. bows and looks confused.*]

Julia. [*runs to Malfort*] O no, father! this is our drawing-room—yonder is mamma! 'twas I asked the gentleman in to see us—I thought he wanted my mamma!

Malf. Indeed!

Julia. Yes, indeed.

Frank H. [*aside*] So—I am in for it again; my old luck!

Malf. Sir, I know not how to address you; nor can I guess your errand hither: if from those who once called themselves my friends you have been informed of my misfortunes; the general wreck of my affairs; the total annihilation of my property; and in the pride of fulness and prosperity, are come to banquet on my miseries, or insult the virtue of my afflicted wife—behold it all—indulge your malice and begone: I have not now the spirit to resent; poverty can make us cowards, as well as wretches.

Frank H. [*aside*] Always running my head against stone walls!—why, look you, sir, you see me here, the slave of accident; attracted by the charms of a lady I last night encountered at the opera, I traced her to this house; and conducted by this little seraph, I entered this apartment. 'if beauty in distress, shining in virtuous tears, excited more than my common notice, it is the lot of man so far to err;' but if I have offended her or you, devoutly I entreat your pardon; and trust I may yet find opportunity to convince you, that while my eyes fill at the recital of your distresses, my heart pants with ardour to relieve them.

[*exit, hastily.*]

Julia. [*coming forward*] Dear—dear! is the gen-

theman gone? I'm so sorry; I'll run and see him to the door.

[*exit.*
Malfort, with a deep sigh, throws himself into a chair.

Mrs. Malfort comes from where she was seated, and leaning pensively on his shoulder, takes his hand, and looking tenderly on him, speaks.

Mrs. M. Henry—

Malf. My love! (*after much emotion*) the trial is past—all is gone! the merciless creditors have shared the little remnant of our all amongst them; and we are left without a friend—a home—a shilling!

Mrs. M. And yet we may still be happy.

Malf. Never—never! I am mark'd by fate, a victim for despair. By heaven! were it not for you and my poor suffering innocent, I'd not endure this weight of sorrow and disgrace! to bear the taunted mocks of bloated affluence! pointed at as the ruined wretch, whom speculative fortune crushed in her angriest mood, and levelled in the dust! oh! torture! torture!

Mrs. M. Nay, for my sake, check those tumultuous passions; consider, Henry, in your prosperous days, when did the unrelieved beggar pass your gate? was your hand ever shut against the orphan's cry? or did the wretched widow's plaint pass unheeded through your ear? the power that punishes can reward: if vice, though late, must meet the scourge, virtue has claims that providence will foster.

Malf. Sweet comforter! if you can endure, 'twere impious in me to murmur. Yet fate will have it so. O could the best of fathers and of men—if yet he live—pierce but the gloom of distance which now obscures us from each other's sight; did he but know the virtuous partner of my sufferings, for whose sad sake, and my poor endearing little one, I thus am shook with agonising torments; his generous spirit would burst through all restraining bonds, to banish misery, and all its haggard train of pale-faced sorrows! oh! multiplying horrors crowd upon my bewildered imagina-

tion: houseless! friendless! my wife, my child, defenceless and forlorn! without the means of satisfying one scanty meal—too proud to beg—"willing to toil, but unequal to the task," no hand to succour—friend to advise—no faithful bosom to repose my sorrows on.

Mrs. M. Yes; here is a hand to succour—a friend to advise; a bosom to repose your sorrows on.

Malf. What have I said? forgive me, Harriet—I shall be calm.

Mrs. M. O Henry! distress, affliction, want of food and raiment, I could endure with you—bare-foot and wretched, I could take my infant in these arms, and though disgrace and misery marked my steps could you but smile at fortune's angry frown, and bear your lot with patient manly suffering.

Malf. Oh!

Mrs. M. It is for me you feel those strong emotions, and for my child—I know it, Henry! yet hope—~~or~~ what is not hope? it is the prisoner's freedom, the sick man's health, and the christian's consolation.

Malf. I cannot speak—I feel thee my superior, and am lost in wonder of thy virtues!

[Throws himself into a chair extremely moved; she turns, looks at him, clasps her hands in an agony of sorrow, and then seats herself. A pause.]

Julia. *(entering hastily)* O dear—he is gone! I never yet saw any stranger that I loved so well: when he talked of you, mamma, he sighed, grew pale as ashes, and wiped his eyes so often: he asked me if I was fond of dolls and toys? I said, "to be sure, sir—all little girls love their dolls." Then, said he, take this money, my little angel, and let your mamma buy some for you: and then he kissed me, wiped his eyes, and stepped into a carriage. Only look here, father!—la, what nice thin paper he has wrapped it in!

[Unfolding a dollar or crown-piece, she holds the coin to her mother, and shows the paper to her father.]

Malf. (looking with astonishment on the paper) Oh, providence! providence! why should the wretch despair?

Mrs. M. (observing Malfort—looks over his shoulder on the paper) Two hundred pounds!—riches! happiness! new life!

[Sinks into his arms—the child, distressed, and alarmed, catches her mother's garment, and looks in her face with an anxious and solicitous concern.]



ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

AN APARTMENT IN GOVERNOR HEARTALL'S HOUSE.

Enter Ferret and Timothy.

Fer. Well, master Timothy—and so the governor is quite hearty, you say.

Tim. Yes, sir, quite in good heart—I wish I could say as much for all his acquaintance. [*significantly.*]

Fer. You are right, Timothy; a good heart is now-a-days a scarce commodity to find.

Tim. Perhaps you find it so, sir; for my part I never go abroad to look for one.

Fer. Indeed it may be so; you have a master that has heart enough for all his family.

Tim. Yes; but the goodness of his heart is not domesticated—his is a kind of vagabond heart—that is for ever strolling; but it is in search of new objects to exercise its bounty on.

Fer. Well said, Tim : you seem to know your master perfectly.

Tim. Yes, sir ; I have lived with him some time and what perhaps you will think very extraordinary—I wish to die with him.

Fer. Very extraordinary, indeed. But here is your master.

Enter Governor Heartall.

Good morrow, governor.

Gov. Ah, old Ferret, how d'ye do.

Fer. In my old way, governor ; well and hearty ; but you—you look charmingly.

Gov. Do I ? you know that's not true ! I do not look charmingly—pshaw, I hate your false compliments ! well, old Ferret, when have you seen my nephew ? what do you know of young Scapegrace ?

Fer. Humph ! nothing—that is, nothing particular.

Gov. Then you do know nothing ; for every thing he does is particular ; the strongest reasons I have for admiring the rascal are his particularities—sometimes he is particularly civil ; at others particularly insolent : now he is overcome by some poor wretch's particular distress, and particularly happy if he can relieve it ; he is particularly volatile upon all occasions that are not particular, and particularly miserable when I appear to be particular with him.

Geo. But when he squanders large sums upon his particular follies and charities—

Gov. I am sure he never keeps any particular account of them.

Fer. 'Twere better if he did.

Gov. I say no. His open hand is his ledger, and his charities are registered on the hearts of the indigent.

Tim. That account is closed, Mr. Ferret : you had better turn over a new leaf.

Fer. (looking after him) Puppy ! well, ~~governor~~, ^[Exit] you certainly have a right to approve or disapprove of

your nephew's conduct as you think proper; 'tis no business of mine.

Gov. I know it.

Fer. But were he my nephew, and I had seen him watching and skulking after a poor innocent female from the country, unknown and unprotected in this great city—bribing landladies and servants to get to her apartments——

Gov. How! what do you say! *[eagerly.]*

Fer. And on being disappointed there—shocking the modesty of a poor afflicted married woman in the same house, in which he was surprised by her husband, and called to such account as made him cut a very silly figure——

Gov. What! Frank?

Fer. Nay, happy to part with a tolerable sum to quash the affair, and reconcile the parties.

Gov. My nephew?

Fer. I think, in such a case, his moral character is not so highly estimable as sawners or sycophants would describe it to you; nor does his conduct keep pace with the reputation necessary for an English merchant.

Gov. It's a lie, old Ferret; I cannot believe it.

[coolly.]

Fer. Yes, all are liars who do not paint this youth in all the glowing tints of fancied excellence. I know you could devour me now; give me to your dogs, because I tell you your nephew is not an angel.

Gov. No, you—you mistake me; I wouldn't have him an angel; but I would have him a man, an honest man—one that could set detraction at defiance; I would not have him a poor, petty, paltry cent. per cent. Gripus; I would have him, in the most extensive sense of the word, an English merchant! a patriot citizen, with skill and enterprise exerted to advance his country's prosperity, and a heart and spirit determined to maintain its honour.

Fer. Yet, while his wealth lasts, neither my advice,

nor your's, nor the precepts of his late worthy father, which merely serve him now as amusement for his dissolute companions, can check his career down the hill of folly.

Gov. Laugh at the precepts of his father! can he be such a profligate? I'll give the rascal up for ever. My precepts, heaven knows, are sometimes whimsical enough, and perhaps deserve to be laughed at; yet not by him, the dog! but his father had a wise and a steady head; he was no weathercock like me; he made his fortune at home, at the desk, by black and white; damme, I had nothing but blacks, to make my fortune by! 'zounds, I'm as hot as Cayenne or Curry-powder, and if the rascal were to come in my way now, I should——

Enter Frank Heartall—he runs into the governor's open arms, who clasps him to his breast.

My dear, dear Erank!

Frank H. Uncle! dearest uncle! best of uncles!

Gov. (almost crying) It's a lie, you dog! I am the worst of uncles; for I press a profligate nephew to my bosom: I look in his face, forget his villainies; and, unlike a parent or a friend, I uphold an impudent scoundrel, who deliberates the seduction of an innocent rustic creature at the very moment that he is destroying the peace of a distressed and wretched family.

Frank H. Me, uncle! what—Mr. Ferret! pooh, you are joking.

Gov. Only look at the rascal, now! look at that face of innocence! oh, you—ugly hypocrite!

Frank H. Seducing rural innocence—destroying the peace of families—upon my soul, sir, these are serious charges! hav'n't I committed murder too—shot a bishop's coach-horse, or fired a church?

Fer. Turn the matter as you please, sir; did you not, last night, dodge from the opera a lady to a house in Jermyn-street?

Frank H. Yes, yes, I did; and a gentleman too—
O, you sly old poacher.

Gov. Eh!—what—what's all this?

Fer. Can you deny that you have this day again
beset her lodgings, bribed her landlady, and—

Frank H. Stop, my dear fellow, stop! it's all true
—I plead guilty so far; but curse me if ever I open'd
my lips to her: she's an angel, by heaven! fire, water,
stone-walls, bolts, bars, grates, graves, or gates of
adamant shall not prevent me from an interview with
that divine, that fascinating woman!

Gov. What the devil! the fellow's in the clouds
now!

Frank H. O, uncle, such a creature?—old Slyboots
there knows her well enough. [To *Ferret*.

Fer. Sir, such observations are offensive: she is
above your calumny.

Frank H. I know it: her mind is in her face—her
eyes are mirrors that reflect her soul—her lips are
truth and innocence: while each cheek presents the
modest glow of health and virtue: I die for her, by
heaven! I will break through all forms, and—

Fer. Break through all forms ay, sir; and insult
with rude ribaldry the distresses of an unfortunate
family lodged in the same house.

Frank H. 'Tis false, by heaven! I never yet enter-
ed the abode of the wretched to mock their miseries.

Gov. Answer to the charge, sir: none of your he-
roics; but speak plainly: if you are a scoundrel, tell
me so—only prove yourself a rascal, and I am satis-
fied.

Frank H. This a land of liberty, uncle, and I have
no right to criminate myself; however thus it was—
you shall be my judge.

Gov. Speak honestly, you dog—for if the proof be
only presumptive, I'll hang you on it, without benefit
of clergy

Frank H. I am an odd fellow, uncle—

Gov. You need not tell me that.

Frank H. I know you like me the better for it.

Gov. It's a lie! but go on.

Frank H. At the opera last night I beheld an angel in company with old Cerberus there; (*looking at Ferret*) I was almost mad I own, and would have given half my fortune to have changed a sentence with her; the emblem of innocence and purity—I watched her home—marked her lodgings—then drove to my house—talked to the clerks—looked at the supper table—housekeeper inquired if I wished for any thing particular—yes, said I, a charming creature!—the woman stared—what will your honour have for supper? old Ferret—about two—and twenty—such eyes—went to bed, tossed, tumbled—and dreamt of Arcadian beauties—sheep-hooks—garlands of wild daisy—and old Ferret this morning attacked my fortress afresh—it would not do—such a creature—her distress brought tears into my eyes—the sweetest little babe so—the most fascinating—and the man himself a gentleman to all intents and purposes—overwhelmed with affliction and half mad—my heart almost beat through my bosom—I could think of nothing—all was chaos—the angel being—such a child—about two—and twenty—my heart absolutely torn between love and sensibility—so that I began to—to—to—upon my soul, uncle, I absolutely forget what I have been talking about.

Fer. Ay, you make a fine story of it!

Gov. Why, what the devil are you at, sir? supping upon an old Ferret of two and twenty, and dreaming of sheep-hooks and daisies! zounds, sirrah! do' you take me for a fool or a madman?

Frank H. Neither, my dear uncle, neither; but you must not quarrel with my irregularities: when they become vices consider them in their worst light, and kick me out of your doors.

Gov. Hey! he begins to talk sense now!

Frank H. I own I feel myself smitten with a wo-

man, whose honourable alliance, from report, would not discredit my family, and with your leave I am determined honourably to pursue her: is this seduction?

Gov. Humph! no.

Frank H. I have seen a beauteous woman bathed in the tears of misery, and a man of honour driven by misfortune to despair; if by stretching my hand with what I could well spare I have alleviated their calamities, have I in this act meditated the destruction of their peace?

Gov. (*feelingly*) No.

Frank H. Then where's my offence, and what my punishment!

Gov. This, (*embracing him*) live for ever in your uncle's heart: you were your father's last legacy to his loving brother—an odd, choleric, impatient, foolish old fellow, who wishes not to see his nephew resemble the relative of any other man; if you were to be exactly what I would have you, you would be—yes, you dog, you would be—damme, you'd be kicked out of society for not bearing a resemblance to any thing in human nature. [*shakes his hand.*]

Fer. Well, governor, it makes me more than happy to see you reconciled to your nephew. I am naturally anxious—a plain man, you know, but youth will have its fling, and the more we check it in its career, perhaps the more restive we find it.

Frank H. Right, Mr. Ferret: yet sly insinuation will sometimes warp the heart of benevolence, and the warm levity of youth cannot always justify its failings against the cold cautions of premeditated hypocrisy. Don't be too anxious. Good morning, sir.

[*Looks severely at Ferret, bows respectfully to his uncle, and exit.*]

Gov. Eh! what, what is all that about hypocrisy? I don't understand—hypocrisy!

Fer. But I do. (*aside*) Nor I; your modern orators have a method of saying a number of hard words without much meaning. Good day, governor; I have business. (*takes the governor's hand*) Your nephew is a good lad, but have an eye upon him.

[*exit.*]

Gov. Ha, ha, ha, poor honest soul, he is as watchful of that boy, and as pettish when he hears of his little errors, as his father would be; well he shan't lose by it, for I have remembered him handsomely in my will. I should like to see this girl that Frank has fix'd his affections upon; I warrant she is a rare one, for the rogue has the family taste. How the dog described her—eyes and cheeks and lips—and—oh the amorous young villain! I ought to have been his father, for I was violently in love with his mother; but my brother, a fine, tall, handsome scoundrel, marched in like a great turkey-cock, put me aside with one of his wings, and looked as if he would gobble me up for presuming to think of such a creature; so I retired in confusion; went to the Indies and forgot her, and led a merry bachelor's life ever since!—merry, did I say? ah! no, not merry! I hate bachelors—that is I mean, old single gentlemen. Then let my boy be married: he shall have a comfort that I never enjoyed myself—zounds, it must be a great comfort, for I have observed that even those who have the worst of it, who scold, brawl, and wrangle till they are black in the face, and swear never to see one another more; are miserable till they make it up, and rush again into each other's arms: a fig then for scolding wives, crying children, pin-money, alimony, or any money, but matrimony—my boy shall be married.

SCENE II. THE WIDOW CHEERLY'S LODGINGS.

Enter the Widow Cheerly and Susan.

Wid. Nay, nay,—for shame, Susan!—for shame! —What must the gentleman think? how could you continue in conversation with a stranger for such a length of time?

Sus. La, ma'am, because he talk'd of nothing but you.

Wid. Me! why—what could a man see in me to talk about?

Sus. I'm sure I can't tell, ma'am——But hi, hi, hi! well—he's a droll one to be sure!

Wid. Well, but what does he want? Who is he?

Sus. La, ma'am, he saw you at the opera last night.

Wid. Ay? is it him?

Sus. Yes, ma'am——Our landlady, Mrs. Townly, says he is a great marchant—a bankrupt, I believe, ma'am, in the city; that he's the best cretor in the world—every body loves him! O, he has call'd you such names!

Wid. Names!

Sus. Yes, ma'am—all manner of names: Cupids, and Pollys!—and Florys and Phœbus!

Wid. The girl is half mad!

Sus. If such a sweet gentleman had said so much to me, I'm sure I should be whole mad!—ha, ha!

Wid. Why, Susan, you are not in the country now—this is London, child; and if all here is not deceitful, this certainly is the most disinterested place upon the face of the globe; every morning and evening the public prints give you caution, advice, and intelligence unsolicited; the reviewers gratuitously tell you what books are fit for your perusal; and almost every shopkeeper sells his goods—at prime cost! what can be more liberal?

Sus. La, ma'am, you're right. It's not a bit like the country; there we are so starch'd, and so quizzical; with our double Barcelona handkerchiefs, and our long petticoats; the ladies in London 'don't care who sees their necks and their ancles. I hopes never to see the filthy country again!

Wid. And I, Susan, am miserable until I get there. That gentleman's extraordinary conduct at the opera last night,—his eyes absolutely—Plague take the fellow! now he has found me out, I don't know what may be the consequence!

Sus. La, ma'am; he was here this morning!

Wid. Here! where?

Sus. He popp'd into the gentlefolk's apartments that lodges here above; and came running out, with his handkerchief to his face, and look'd so sorrowful!—between ourselves, madam, all is not right there, I believes; far as I can larn, poor souls, all is low enough.

Wid. Ay, Susan—I am but little acquainted with city manners, and though my heart feels for their distresses, it might be reckoned impertinent curiosity to inquire into their circumstances.

Sus. Well, ma'am; for my part I am but a silly country girl: I don't care about your London fashions, not I; and I should'nt stop a bit at flying into that there lady's room, and popping into her lap, whatever your ladyship thought proper to relieve her with, for I'm sure she wants it, and I had rather she should think me unmannerly, than unfeeling.

Wid. No, no, my girl; it must be better managed. From the glimpse I have had of her, as I passed, her appearance promises a tender sensibility, her situation must increase that feelings, and under such circumstances, we cannot be too delicate.

Sus. That's very true, ma'am. Shall I step in and say you wish to speak with her?

Wid. Yes ;—no—stop ; I'll introduce myself. (*opens a desk, takes out a pocket book, sits down and writes.*)
You may go down, Susan.

Svs. Very well, ma'am. 'If she can relieve them, how happy it will make her ! sure as can be that bankrupt gentleman would relieve them, if he wa'n't ashamed to go about it : she is writing—aye contriving it, I warrant me. O bless her ! there would be more good servants in the world, if every poor girl had half so good a mistress. (*aside as she exits.*)

Wid. I plague take that fellow at the opera ! how the man distracts me ! a banker ! ay, some fortune-hunting spendthrift, I warrant me, that has heard of a young foolish widow, fresh from the country, with a good estate in her own possession, and has set up an ideal bank, that she may give credit to his affections. When I first caught his eye, his face seemed all intelligence, and I durst not look upon him after. Heigho ! not look upon him—why ? why because I——deuce take the fellow ! no, no, I must never be a wife again—I'm spoil'd for that—indulg'd beyond what husbands should allow ; and so unrestricted, that I scarcely knew I had a husband until I lost him. O heavens ! what am I about ? ay ; self, self, self ! in my own silly concerns I forget the distresses of my unfortunate neighbours. If I find them worthy, my purse they shall freely share ; and I hope it will not prove the less acceptable for being the widow's mite. (*exit*)

SCENE III. THE APARTMENTS OF MALFORD, JUN.

Mr. and Mrs. Malford discovered—Julia dressing a doll.

Malf. The more I reflect upon that stranger's generous conduct, the more my perplexity, the greater my

amazement. His undisguised and easy manner strongly indicate he had no sinister intent.

Mrs. M. Believe me, no; his face was the index of a benevolent heart. and as he cast a look of sorrow on our sufferings, the tear of sympathy bedewed his cheek, and almost choked his utterance.

Julia. Mamma, when will that good gentleman come again? I shall be so glad to see him,

Mrs. M. Shall you, Julia?

Julia. I shall, indeed, mamma! he'll be surprised to see my new doll? I have call'd it after him.

Malf. Indeed, do you know his name?

Julia. No.

Mrs. M. Then what do you call your doll?

Julia. I call it Miss Good-Gentleman. *[they smile.]*

Wid. (without) Very well, Susan; you'll find me here in the drawing-room.

Malf. A stranger's voice! who can this be?

Mrs. M. Nay, I know not, my dear.

Malf. A lady, and coming hither! I'll retire into this closet. *[Malfort retires, taking Julia with him.]*

The Widow enters.

Mrs. M. (curtsies) Madam!

Wid. Madam! (looks about as if she had mistaken the room) My dear madam, I beg ten thousand pardons; this is not my apartment.

Mrs. M. No, madam.

Wid. I really know not what apology to make for this seeming intrusion.

Mrs. M. It requires none.

Wid. I am a volatile, unthinking creature, madam; a widow; but lately left upon my own hands; an estate at my disposal, of more than I can manage: this is my first visit to London, and if my manners are rustic or unpolished, I trust your good-nature will find an excuse for them in the sincerity of my intentions.

Mrs. M. Oh, madam, fashion has banished cere-

mony; and familiarity and good breeding are now become synonymous terms

Wid. So I am told, and I am quite glad to hear it. I shall stay in London all the winter, that I may be able to take down into the country with me as many free ans and easy graces, as will completely stock the parish till the commencement of the next season, when I shall return and purchase a fresh cargo

Mrs. M. (sighing) You have charming spirits, madam.

Wid. Yes, madam: an easy mind sets the imagination afloat. Those that are dull, I would fain make merry: and those that are already cheerful I would fain keep so. Good spirits, I believe, like a good temper cannot be well attained. they are both constitutional; and those that possess either, cannot be too thankful for the blessing

Mrs. M. Yet circumstances, madam, may depress the spirits, and misfortunes sour the temper. There are those who have been blessed with both, in whom they are now destroyed.

Wid. Ay! I would I knew them: for I have been told that I have a facility in raising the spirits and creating good humour, wherever I appear. I wish you could introduce me to them: are they friends of yours?

Mrs. M. Yes, madam: my nearest, dearest friends; in whose delightful society I have shared the sunshine of their splendour: and from whom, though in deepest misery, I never can depart.

Wid. The very beings I wish to be acquainted with: you must introduce me. Dear, dear London! you cannot meet with any thing like this in the country. Where is the use of houses, parks, woods, and orchards, where every body has houses, woods and orchards? bring me to the distressed and houseless; under my humble happy roof they shall enjoy, at least,

a-temporary repose; and in the interim, fortune may again smile, and in her merriest mood invite them back to home, to peace, and plenty.

Mrs. M. You madam, I perceive, are one of those chosen few, on whom fortune has not blindly poured her favours. Your bounty flows from humanity's true source—the fountain of benevolence.

Wid. Benevolence! not at all, madam: I am, in fact, a sensualist in the clearest sense of the word: self gratification is the spring of all my actions. I am young, madam: richly left: my own mistress to all intents and purposes; why then should I think of hoarding wealth I can never want, while many, a thousand times more worthy than myself, are perishing for the means of present sustenance? what can be more voluptuous than to behold the cripple throw by his crutch, whom your humanity has healed? can luxury be more highly gratified than in viewing the famished wretch eat cheerfully of the meal your charity prepared for him? can the heart of vanity feel a more triumphant joy than when the unfortunate and meritorious condescend to share your roof, and smile complacent on the comforts you afford them?

Mrs. M. Yours are the sentiments of true philanthropy. encouraging the confidence of the wretched, and well calculated to fill your mansion with guests, whom poverty has long shut out from plenty's social board: a modest misfortune shrinks into its dreary confine, and eats with heavy heart its tear washed-crust.

Wid. I perceive, madam, I have been guilty of intrusive impertinence (*preventing Mrs. M from replying*) Nay, I beseech you, madam, I rattle strangely, and wish, with all my soul, I could impart to you a portion of my overflowing spirits; but I have a sovereign remedy for vapours, if you would permit me to prescribe for you

Mrs. M. The medicine that comes from so kind a

physician requires no adventitious aid to make it palatable.

Wid. Your frankness charms me, madam: in this little family recipe-book you will find a short, but certain system, to banish temporary misfortunes, and check the progress of approaching calamity. (*Mrs. M. seems to refuse it*) Nay, madam: 'tis but a short maxim, and I trust not wholly unworthy of your perusal: if, when you know me better, yourself and friends will add to the comforts of my rural cot by sharing all its pleasures with me, the blessing of cheerfulness shall at least attend you—we'll laugh together at the frowns of Fate, and Fortune herself shall not appear amongst us, unless she comes smilingly clad in the robes of good humour. Nay, no ceremony. *[Exit.*

[Mrs M. sees her to the door—curtsies.

Mrs. M. How strange is all this:—the cheerful ease, the unallected benevolence of that charming woman's conversation, recalls the memory of happier days, and for a while assuages sorrow.

[Malfort enters from the closet.

Mrs. M. And now, believe me, Henry, in the higher walk of life the greater number of our sex have hearts that feel distress, and bounteous hands outstretched for its relief, whose pride it is to succour modest genius, and bind round the brow of merit the laurel of reward. But here is the lively widow's recipe for cheerfulness peruse it

[gives him the pocket-book.]

Malf. (*opens it, and taking from it a bank-note, looks at it with astonishment.* A bank-note! can it be?

[gives it to Mrs. Malfort]

Mrs. M. Henry!—what—shall we—

[as if she asked to go and return it.]

Malf. Stay—here is something written. *[reads.]*

MADAM.

When we can do good, the ceremony that prevents

It is wicked. From this you will understand, I have been informed that certain untoward circumstances have given a temporary derangement to your family affairs, as an immediate supply may be indispensably necessary, I have, perhaps a little pertinently, taken this method of presenting it. I can only be convinced that you forgive the liberty I have taken, by you and your family honouring my house in the country with your presence, until the smiles of fortune shall supersede the frowns of adversity, where your comfort and accommodation shall be the peculiar care of her, whose heart feels the most lively sorrow at your disappointments.

CHARLOTTE CHEFELY.

Merciful heaven, how wonderful are thy bounties! wickedly desponding, I resigned myself a victim to despair — scorning the counsel of a gentle comforter, and impiously repining at the decrees of Fate! when at the very moment that haggard Famine unveiled his care-worn face, smiling Plenty steps in to drive the monster hence, to chide the unbelieving sufferers, and prove how dire — how deadly is his crime, who doubts the justice of unerring Providence.

[*exunt.*]

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

THE WIDOW'S APARTMENTS.

The Widow and Frank Heartall enter, laughing.

Wid. Ha, ha, ha! upon my word, sir, I perceive you are perfectly an adept in fashionable manners, and stand upon little ceremony.

Frank H. Not at all madam; we merchants pride ourselves upon the bluntness of our manners and the plainness of our dealings.

Wid. Indeed, sir?

Frank H. Yes, indeed, madam; we'll transact you a hundred thousand pounds worth of business in a morning, without as much as a yes, or a no; the pen that crosses the mouth is an emblem of silence: but, if we are compelled to answer questions, we always keep in the counting-house a dunib, but candid orator, that is sure to speak honourably for us.

Wid. A dumb and honourable orator! who is that, pray?

Frank H. The ledger.

Wid. But now you are out of the counting-house, I perceive your eloquence is not of that mute nature—you are no ledger.

Frank H. You shall find me as faithful, madam.

Wid. 'Tis not my business to examine your accounts, sir, but should I bring you to book, notwithstanding all your boasted regularity, there is something in that sly countenance that tells me you have sometimes staked your credit at too great a venture.—

in case of a consignment now, we'll say, for instance, a lady's heart——

Frank H. O! errors excepted.

Wid. What, you own it, do you?

Frank H. Yes, madam, in a mercantile way; look you, madam, I am a plain fellow, neither more nor less than the character I boast, and I hope I shall never disgrace, an English merchant; I throw down no man's inclosure, trample upon no man's coin, take nothing from the industrious labourer, pay the poor man for his work, and communicate my profit with mankind: I trust I have a heart to succour the distressed: and what I can fairly share, I can distribute freely: if you can take for granted an odd wild fellow's report of himself, there it is, you have it, madam.

Wid. Why really, sir, I never heard a better character, and if you could contrive to get it back, and by the church-wardens of your parish, I might perhaps give a little credit to it.

Frank H. Well, madam, if you cannot credit the character you have just now had of me, from a devilish honest fellow, I must even refer you to your friend Mr. Ferret, he perhaps may be better acquainted with me than I am with myself; he knows me.

Wid. He hinted as much.

[dryly.

Frank H. Did he? then that's all you can expect from him: he hinted to me that he knew you, but the devil a syllable more could I get out of the old close-lipped curmudgeon.

Wid. My situation, sir, is above disguise; I am the daughter of a gallant officer, who served his country nobly, and retiring to the humble vale of rural seclusion, at an advanced age he died, bequeathing to his son and daughter his sole possession, his laurels and his honour.

Frank H. Envious, madam, though not substantial.

Wid. Now, sir, I am my own mistress, accountable for my actions to no person living.

Frank H. I know it.

Wid. I am a single woman.

Frank H. I know it.

Wid. But have been married.

Frank H. I know it.

Wid. My husband dead.

Frank H. (aside) Thank heaven! I know that too.

Wid. A free disincumbered estate——

Frank H. Damn the estate—I beg your pardon, ma'am—don't mention the estate. You are single, that's enough; you have been married—did you like the state?

Wid. Yes, I think I did.

Frank H. Humph, think you did! fond of your husband?

Wid. Humph, yes——I think I was; I was married but three years—didn't see much of him.

Frank H. Wha—wha—what! not in three years?

Wid. No; the sports of the field charmed him from home always at day break—himself and his friends generally returned in the evening time enough for a late dinner, drank their wine, and went to bed; the next morning——

Frank H. Well, madam, the next morning?

Wid. The same career commenced again, and so on to the end of the third chapter.

Frank H. And for heaven's sake, madam, how did you behave!

Wid. Why, sir, how should I behave?

Frank H. Upon my soul, I can't tell, madam, but I think I could contrive to get you a lesson in some married family, between Piccadilly and Aldgate.

Wid. I was always happy to see him return in health and spirits; his eyes sparkled with pleasure when I met him at the gate, and as he introduced me

to each new guest he would say, 'this is my wife, look at her—she has a heart as open as my wine-cellar—and my hall is heaven to me whenever I enter it. Kiss me, my girl, make my friends welcome, and let's have a good dinner.'

Frank H. And though thus neglected you complied?

Wid. Neglected! I never felt it in that sense. The strong prejudice of his education rendered his habits unconquerable; an attempt to counteract them on my side must naturally produce strife: besides it was his only failing, for he was open, generous, hospitable, and manly—his whole estate was at my disposal, either to gratify my vanity in all the little time-serving foppery of my sex, or in the more solid sensations of extenuating human misery.

Frank H. He was a good man, upon my soul he was a good man, but rather too fond of hunting; had I such a wife——

Wid. You'd be fond of hunting too: nay, in open defiance of the laws, trespass, perhaps, on your neighbour's manor.

Frank H. Upon my word you wrong me, madam; but your good humour charms me; your eyes first enslaved my heart, and your temper rivets my chain: how shall I convince you that I love you?

Wid. To what purpose would you convince me: you have a heart ventured on another voyage, when it returns you may calculate the profit and loss—if you find it still marketable, perhaps the bargain may be offered to our house.

Frank H. Though you speak in my own phrase, I don't understand you, madam.

Wid. No? that's surprising: pray, sir, have you not visited another lady in this house?

Frank H. Madam,—a—no—ther lady?

Wid. Yes, sir, another lady: to whom you were

pleased to say, as I am informed, abundance of civil things.

Frank H. Madam—

Wid. You were much struck with her person, and felt a lively concern for her misfortunes—

Frank H. Upon my word, madam, you—you—yes, at it again—another scrape! *[aside.]*

Wid. A husband will sometimes be an unmannerly intruder, and if a gentleman can sneak out of such a situation in a whole skin—

Frank H. He has certainly no right to be displeased with his adventure.

Wid. Am I right, sir?

Frank H. Yes, madam, the entries are pretty fair, but as to the sum total—

Wid. O, errors excepted!—

Frank H. Ha, ha, ha! that I have accidentally conversed with a lady in this house, does not admit of a doubt, but let the result of that interview be what it may, my heart approves, and my conscience cannot reproach me with it.

Enter Footman.

Foot. Mrs. Malfort, if you are alone, madam, would speak with you on particular business.

Wid. (aside) Now for it! I am alone—beg of her to step in. *[exit footman.]*

Frank H. I'll retire, madam.

Wid. O, by no means! you know the lady.

Frank H. Not I, madam—Malfort!—I know no lady of the name.

Wid. (significantly) Indeed, sir?

Frank H. No, indeed, madam—I have heard my uncle mention a gentleman of that name, a very intimate friend of his, now I believe in the Indies.

Wid. But no lady of that name comes within the circle of your acquaintance?

Frank H. No, upon my honour, madam.

Enter Mrs. Malfort.

(Widow receives her with great cordiality.)

Wid. My dear Mrs. Malfort, ten thousand welcomes.

Mr. Heartall, Mrs. Malfort.

[Introducing her, and looking significantly at Heartall.]

Frank H. This Mrs. Malfort? madam I—I—am happy to—*(confused and bowing)*

Mrs. M. Sir, the pleasure of this opportunity—is—
a—circumstance that—

Frank H. My dear madam, don't mention it, I wish, I wish entirely to—I wish—I wish the ice was set in, and I was over head and ears in the New River.
[aside.]

Wid. You don't know the lady, sir: what is the matter with you?

Frank H. In for it again? *[aside.]*

Mrs. M. Madam, after a fair perusal of your book, by which I have marked indelibly the spirit of its contents upon my heart, I beg to return it unimpaired, unless the tear of gratitude may have soiled the leaf whereon the hand of benevolence had written its inscription.

Wid. My dear Mrs Malfort, we'll talk over that matter another time: I positively cannot receive it now. Do you know madam, that this gentleman has been making a tender of his affections to me, with all the freedom of an old dangler, tho', bless the man! I haven't known him above a dozen hours.

Mrs. M. Some men, madam, are easier known in that short space than others in half a century:—the woman who dares entrust her heart to that gentleman, will, in my mind, find a heart to keep it company.

Wid. A great many I believe, madam: O, he looks like a young Bluebeard!—a fellow that has no more mercy upon poor women's hearts, than his predecessor had upon their heads.

Frank H. Upon my word, madam, this is cruel;—I am much afraid you have had but an indifferent character of me.

Wid. My good friend, I have had no character at all of you:—you must positively get a certificate from your last place, before I can take you into my service;—mind—I don't dislike you—as a lacquey, or so—you may follow me as long as you please, in that capacity—but your qualifications must be well authenticated before I can receive you as my major domo.

Enter Footman.

Foot. A servant from your uncle, sir, says he knows you are here, and must see you directly.

[*Frank H. going to cross is prevented by the Widow.*]

Wid. You positively must not stir. Send the servant up! *[exit footman.]*

Frank H. My dear madam, permit me to see him below stairs; he is the strangest creature——

Wid. No, no, let us have him; I like strange creatures; be thankful; it mends your chance.

Enter Timothy.

Frank H. What, Timothy, you have found me out.

Tim. Yes; sir, we have ferretted you!

Frank H. What, I am obliged to him, am I?

Tim. If you think it an obligation, there it is due.

Frank H. I am afraid I owe him many such.

Tim. I believe you do. I don't know what he has been saying, but the governor blows a tornado: he has been in five-and-twenty humours in three-and-twenty minutes! I left him ordering the carriage—he swears he'll follow and blow you as high as Cape Finisterre. So I thought I'd trot on before and give you the hard word.

Frank H. Thank you, Timothy; you are an honest fellow.

Tim. Not I, bless you; I'm no honest fellow: I am as great a rogue as old Ferret, only it's another kind of way.

Wid. Indeed, Mr. Timothy!

Tim. Fact, madam; I'm a very great villain; if I did not every night persuade my master that his nephew was a most consummate scoundrel, no rhetoric could convince him in the morning that he was an honest man.

Wid. Ha, ha, ha! but if he acts so much by contraries, how can Ferret's insinuations injure his nephew.

Tim. Because, ma'am, they are insinuations, damnable hints and diabolical innuendoes: he never speaks bolt-outright! a toad in a hole that spits his venom all around him but can't get out of his circle.

Wid. Ha, ha, ha! you have a pleasant time of it amongst them all, Mr. Timothy.

Tim. Bless you, ma'am, I like it. I am an odd fish, master says, and love to swim in troubled waters; I never laugh at his good humours, nor frown at his infirmities—I always keep a sober steady phiz, fix'd as the gentleman's on horseback at Charing-Cross; and in his worst of humours, when all is fire and faggots with him, if I turn round and coolly say, 'lord sir, has any thing ruffled you?' he'll burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter, and exclaim—'curse that inflexible face of thine: though you never suffer a smile to mantle on it, yet it is a figure of fun to all the rest of the world.'

[all laugh.]

Wid. This gentleman, I presume, Mr. Timothy, is rather a favourite of yours.

Tim. I can't tell, madam—I have fought many a battle for him. and I am afraid there will be many more fought on his account, when the ladies begin to know him about half as well as I do.

Wid. Ha, ha, ha! what, are the ladies to quarrel about him too?

Tim. Yes, I think there will be some pulling of caps! but all for the good of trade, the destruction of lace will draw down the blessings of Bond-street on him.

Frank H. Well, Timothy, I shall see the governor and endeavour to appease his wrath.

Tim. I am going; I see what you are about here; a fine creature—lucky rogue—but mum—I say nothing.

Frank H. Well, well, you are a good fellow, Timothy, and I shall find a time to reward your kindness.

Tim. Don't mention it: I have taken the liberty of trotting hither on a message of self gratification when I am sent on one I shall be proud to taste the sweets of your honour's bounty. [exit.]

Frank H. Ha, ha, ha! poor Timothy!

Wid. Upon my word this Mr. Ferret seems a dangerous man—but he is one of my husband's executors, and under his protection here I am.

Frank H. I should like to take the trouble off his hands—couldn't you make a transfer?

Wid. Do you hear him, Mrs. Malfort? transfer! I shall never be able to keep this poor man out of the stocks.

Frank H. In plain English, madam, I love you with all the sincerity and honour of an honest man.

Wid. Lord'a mercy! what is the creature at?

Frank H. That best of men, my uncle, is deluded by a fiend, whose schemes I could instantly counteract, but must not, in pity to an old man's caprice, for though I am independent of my uncle's wealth, I am not of his affection.

Wid. Give me leave to ask who is your uncle, sir?

Frank H. A gentle-hearted humourist, madam—old governor Heartall.

Wid. Late from India?

Frank H. But a few years since, madam.

SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

Wid. (*Aside*) Heavens! the most intimate friend of my father

Gov. (*within*) Here, what, here, in this apartment: a rascal! a dog!

Wid. What bustle is this?

Frank H. My dear madam, it is my uncle—what the devil shall I do? for heaven's sake, madam, excuse the frailties of age, forgive the whimsicalities of a poor old man!

Wid. Don't fidget yourself—'tis hard indeed if I can't manage an old man.

Governor enters, followed by Ferret.

Gov. A scoundrel! a sneaking, lying villain! all cant and hypocrisy! to ruin families by wholesale! where is this widow-witch?

Wid. Mr. Ferret, you were my husband's executor—I didn't know you were my groom of the chambers also.

[*with asperity.*]

Fer. Madam—I—am naturally anxious where I know the nephew of my friend is rendering himself odious or contemptible; I stand upon no ceremony to reclaim him.

Frank H. (*aside*) I shall never keep my temper—I must cut that fellow's throat!

Gov. Madam, I ask your pardon; I perceive I have press'd in rudely here.

Wid. Sir, you are most heartily welcome: I have often heard my late much-loved father mention governor Heartall with more than pleasure—with the affection of a sincere friend.

Gov. Ay, indeed; who was he, pray?

Wid. Colonel Woodley.

Gov. What, Jack! honest Jack! worthy Jack!
*Jack Woodley!—old Ferret, is this the widow?

Fer. (*dryly*) Yes.

Gov. Ay! [*looking steadfastly on her*] I can't perceive that malignant smile, that devil in her counte-

nance, which you say is the sure index of a shrew, and must render a husband miserable.

Per. [harshly] Put on your spectacles.

Gov. I will. [he takes out his spectacles; while he rubs the glasses with his handkerchief, the widow, smothering a laugh, turns up the stage; Heartall advances and takes her place,—the governor puts on his spectacles, and turning to look at the widow sees Heartall] Why sirrah! are you not a villain! confess yourself a scoundrel—you would unite yourself to a profess'd terminagant, whose tongue has already sent to an early grave a loving husband, and thus embitter all your future days—a Xantippe—[Heartall, hurt at the governor's reproaches, turns up the stage, and Mrs. Malfort comes into his place, as if she meant to mediate for him] an angel! madam, I beg a million of pardons. [Heartall comes down on the other side—the widow between him and the governor, who turns that way, supposing Heartall next him] A rascal! to fix his affections upon a devil incarnate—a cherub! by all that's heavenly!

Wid. (aside to Heartall) O, I see it all now! I have caught his humour, and shall have some sport with him. Did I ever tell you that story, my dear madam, of my father, colonel Woodley?

Gov. What, a story about Jack! come, let us hear it.

Wid. It is a Bengal story, sir—a great way off.

Gov. So much the better: now for it.

Wid. Well, sir, thus it was: one summer's evening, after a hard day's march over burning sands and expansive wilds—fatigued and weary, the colonel and his hungry regiment, with all their little train of tired women and poor children, faint and exhausted, spied the mansion of a certain governor—

Gov. This is a good one—go on—ha, ha, ha! poor Jack.

Wid. The colonel dispatched one of his officers to

say that Woodley and his hungry soldiers rested on their arms at the governor's gate. 'What, Jack?' said the governor.

Gov. Honest Jack, said the governor—worthy Jack!

Wid. 'Jack and his soldiers hungry!' said the governor—'yes, please your honour,' said the officer, 'and their wives and children too'—'I am glad of it, for here is plenty; let the rogues come in,' said the governor; 'my delight is to see the hungry fed, and shield from inclemency the limbs of the naked.'

Gov. The little drummers mustered up all the strength they had left, and beat up such a tantarara! while the poor soldiers and the women shouted till my plantation echoed again.

Wid. Yours, sir? (*pretending surprise*)

Frank H. Yours, uncle?

Gov. Yes, mine, you dog! I marched down the avenue to usher them in—the women fell upon their knees, poor things, and pray'd and bless'd me as they entered; their parched lips could scarcely give vent to the feelings of their hearts; but their streaming eyes spoke volumes of thanksgiving.

Wid. (*to Mrs. Malfort*) Now observe—ay, sir, but the serjeant's wife?

Gov. Ay, that was the best of it all: poor soul, she was sinking beneath the weight of two fine children—I just hobbled up time enough to catch her falling burthen, and bore the little chubby rogues triumphantly in my arms: they looked delighted at each other, played with my hair, kissed my forehead; and with their little fat fingers wiped away the tears that fell from my old eyes as large as hail-stones: my myrindons fed, and drank, and laughed, and sung; talked their little wars and battles over, then slept, and next day set forward on their march, rattling their drums, blowing their cheerful fifes, with loud hurrahs of gratitude to the donor of their feast.

They go up the stage

Fer. (coming forward) This Bengal story has warned the old fool's heart; and they may now mould the driveller to what shape they please. I will leave him to his fate, and trust to occurrences for the completion of my purposes. [exit.]

Governor, &c. come forward.

Frank H. And now, my dear uncle, what new offence have I committed? any more murders come out? children strangled, or idiots defrauded of their property?

Gov. Are you not going to marry a vixen?

Frank H. Guilty: I would marry, if I could.

Gov. What, a vixen?

Frank H. (looking at the widow) I think not: but there I must run my chance; as my father did before me.

Gov. Your father—he married a celestial being, a seraph! who would you marry? (*Frank H. takes the widow by the hand and points to her*) a seraph too! will you have him, madam? will you take pity on the scoundrel? will you—will you? the rogue loves you, I'm sure he does; he has a good fortune, and shall have more when I die.

Frank H. Now, sir, you are yourself, you are again my kind dear uncle.

[*Goes to embrace him; the governor avoids it.*]

Gov. It's a lie! I had forgot—don't have him, he does not deserve you. I am not your dear uncle—I will be uncle to no villain that takes the advantage of a poor gentleman's distress, to make dishonourable advances to his afflicted wife.

Wid. Heavens, what do you say, sir!

Gov. But where is this offended female? I must heal this breach; and by my bounty prove there is at least one good heart in my family.

Mrs. M. That is already proved, incontestibly proved, by your injured nephew.

Wid. How!—

Mrs. M. In the very moment of direst calamity this gentleman entered, by chance, our mansion of despair, he saw my grief, perceived my husband's agony; his heart melted, and his eyes overflowed; he bounteously relieved our wants, concealing even where our thanks had rested, and made my child the agent of his munificence.

Gov. I am his uncle.

Wid. [*aside*] This is a noble-hearted fellow, [*to Heartall*] I beg your pardon, sir; I was taught to think differently of you, and can now despise the paltry rancour of your enemies. Come, governor, let us all be friends; will you—will you?

[*whedding and imitating.*]

ah, I wish my father was here to back my suit!

Gov. Your father?—let me look at you;—you are Jack Woodley's daughter [*smiling on her*] I loved your father.

Wid. Yes, and you will love my father's daughter when you know me better.

Gov. Shall I, eh?

Wid. To be sure you will; nay, you must in common gratitude, for I love an old bachelor in my heart.

Gov. That is more than I do.

Wid. Ah, I should like to spend a long winter's evening with you, and talk over your old conquests—the women that died on your account, and the unfortunate damsels you have betrayed:—O, you look like a seducer.

Gov. Humph! you are a rogue—a pretty rogue—an arch little villain.

Mrs. M. If ever two hearts were designed by Providence to make each other supremely blest, surely, sir, it is your generous nephew and this benevolent lady.

Wid. [*shaking her*] My dear madam, for heaven's sake!—

Gov. [*What you too!* *to Mrs. M.*] Give me your

hands! I must forgive the rascal? must I, girls? shall I, widow?

Wid. Forgive, sir? you have failed in proof, you have lost the cause, you are nonsuited.

Frank H. Yes, uncle, a flaw in the indictment!

Gov. Then you shall have a new trial, you rogue! but zounds, if these are your advocates I shall give up the contention; against such pleaders, justice should be deaf as well as blind: mercy on me! when I look on these creatures' faces, and hear the music of their tongues, I am astonished that there remains on earth's habitable surface, so helpless a creature as an old bachelor.

Malfort enters greatly agitated—a letter in his hand.

Malf. Madam, I have to solicit your pardon for thus abruptly breaking in amongst your friends; but a circumstance has occurred that—

Mrs. M. (under the impression of surprise and uneasiness introducing him) Madam, my husband—
Mr. Malfort—

Malf. (bowing) Madam, I—[to Heartall] sir, the contents of—this letter concern you—and lest the warmth and agitation of my mind should urge me on to acts of present desperation, I beseech you to read it, and declare how you think a man of honour ought to act under circumstances so repulsive to his feelings?

[Gives Heartall the letter.]

Frank H. [reads] 'Sir, under the deep disguise of affected benevolence, young Heartall has designs, of an infamous nature upon your wife. If your distresses have so absorbed your feelings, that you can become a tacit witness of your own dishonour, you will of course have no objection to his frequent visits to the house you lodge in, where he has now established a footing, under pretence of paying his addresses to a silly young widow from the country who wants knowledge of the world to penetrate the depth of his designs. I know

the man, therefore take this timely hint, from a sincere, though concealed friend.'

Mrs. M. Merciful heaven! what can this mean?

Malf. (during the reading the letter fixes his eyes upon Hedrtall, who appears agitated, distressed, and indignant) Sir! (as if he waited for Heartall to answer.)

Frank H. Really, sir, this extraordinary—business—is a—

Malf. Before I proceed, sir, to further question, this folded paper contains the bill which your pretended benevolence would have applied to the relief of my distresses—take it, sir—it is yours [*gives a paper*] You cannot, I perceive, sir, deny the foul charge alleged against you that you do not endeavour to extenuate it by false asseveration I applaud you for; and although I cannot but doubt the courage of him, who with cold deliberate villany, can "wear the mask of charity to hide adulterous seduction, and" meanly assume the garb of munificence to cover purposes detestable and base, I shall expect such ample retribution as insulted pride and injured honour should demand.

Frank H. Mr. Malfort, I am at length recovered from my confusion and astonishment: this false and scandalous aspersion causes no other impulse in my mind but that of sorrow and regret, that any of heaven's creatures can be so lost to feeling and humanity, as the author of this black scroll had I been wretch enough to perpetrate the wrong you charge me with, I hope I should be coward enough not to defend it; nor oppose a pistol against that man's head, whose heart I had already wounded: before this company further explanation is unnecessary—I am to be found, sir, whenever it shall suit you. [*exit.*]

[*Malfort walks about greatly agitated.*]

Mrs. M. Henry! what shall I say? can you believe my base?—

Malf. O that Providence would snatch from the earth a wretch torn with conflicting passions, and suffering under all the pangs of penury and approaching misery.

Gov. My heart tells me that the boy is innocent! the rogue is wild, the dog is ungovernable; but he has a heart! I feel it in my own, warm as blood can make it: I could sometimes kill the villain myself, but that I know he has a heart! and now I have looked upon his honest face, and will stake my life upon his honour!

Malf. 'Tis a world of error, sir, stake your life on no man's honour, nor rest your faith on woman's virtue! all, all is false, deceptive, treacherous, and subtle. O agony of thought! destruction pours her measureless weight of woes upon my head; where is now my solace? domestic confidence is fled, my home is hell; suspicion darts her scorpion stings into my brain; and all is madness, frenzy, and despair!

[*exit.*

Mrs. M. O Henry—O my husband!

[*Following him; she is nearly fainting, when the widow interposes and prevents her falling.*

Wid. Nay, madam, stay, I beseech you stay; this sudden shock bears heavy on your spirits; whither would you go?

Mrs. M. Alas! I know not, madam! I would seek my husband; I would calm his mind; I would pour consoling comfort on his sorrows.

Wid. With your good leave, sir, we will retire and devise such means as shall restore Mr. Malfort to peace and comfort.

Gov. Let Jack Woodley's daughter command old Heartall as she will: [*to Mrs. Malfort*] come, cheer up, madam! while the old governor can command a rupee, by heaven you nor your's shall never want a

part of it: then set her spirits afloat, cheer her up, my lively widow!

Wid. You hear, madam, you hear the governor's commands; no disobedience of orders—I am a soldier's daughter, and used to discipline.

Mrs. M. I am already animated by your words: but my gratitude masters my utterance; let my tears, therefore, speak what my tongue cannot.

Wid. Come, madam, we'll soon dry up your tears, and set your tongue in motion: I wish to exhilarate the spirits of my hearers, not depress them: “I can laugh at folly, pity depravity, scorn knavery, and detest villany:” the merry heart has not leisure to be vicious; and as the smile that marks a cheerful countenance is easily discerned from the sawning grin of hypocrisy, I am infallible in the choice of my friends, and all is laugh around me.

Gov. Brava, bravissima, my charming widow!

[exunt.]



ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

A STREET IN LONDON.

Enter Charles Woodley; and Thomas with a parrot.

Cha. Thomas!

Tho. Sir.

Cha. Step into St. James's hotel, and order Osborne

to get ready apartments for me directly ; I have a call or two to make, and shall be there presently.

Tho. Very well, your honour : but where shall I deliver this packet for your sister, sir ; there is no direction on it farther than her name.

Cha. Plague take it ! I don't know what we are to do in that case, for I have positively lost her address : hark'ee, Thomas, I have it—you must call at the Stock Exchange, and inquire where Mr. Ferret lives—any body there will tell you ; he is one of my late brother-in-law's executors, and will inform you where my sister, Mrs Cheerly, is to be found. Be particular in taking her address, and bring it with you to the hotel.

Tho. I shall, sir.

[*exit.*

Cha. I long to see the giddy fomp ! she has been both wife and widow since we parted ; but, if I can trace her disposition from her letters, she is still lively and unchanged. Certainly she was formed in nature's merriest mood, for I never yet saw her uneasy or dejected.

Enter Frank Heartall, crossing the stage hastily.

Eh ! whom have we here ? what, Frank Heartall ! an old acquaintance, faith ! I suppose I am grown quite out of his knowledge. (*goes up to Heartall*) Pray, sir, what is't o'clock ? in travelling I have neglected winding my watch. [*taking out his watch.*

Frank H. Sir, by me (*looking at his watch then at Charles*) it is now exactly—its monstrous like him, if he was not so tall. [*aside.*

Cha. (*looking in Heartall's face, and holding his key to his watch as if to set it.*) What hour did you say, sir ?

Frank H. (*to himself.*) Six :—yes—it must be—six—years since we met.

Cha. Six ! my dear sir. it is impossible : it can scarcely be three yet.

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Frank H. O, I beg your pardon, sir———I say, Charles——

Cha. But I beg your pardon—and, I say, Frank——

Frank H. It is above six years, since we both left old Gradus at Westminster.

Cha. Is it? Heartall.

Frank H. It is.———Woodley———damme, I'm right!

Cha. And so am I! ha! ha!*[*shaking hands affectionately*] I knew you at the first glimpse; but my marchings and countermarchings have worn me out of the knowledge of my nearest acquaintance.

Frank H. I have often thought of you, upon my soul, and reflected frequently with pleasure upon our little youthful sallies: “the hair-breadth ‘scapes” that we have had. I have paid for many of our pranks, my boy.

Cha. You certainly were a most unfortunate youth; always in some scrape—ha, ha, ha!

Frank H. It sticks to me still, Charles: my old luck; I never shall get rid of it.

Cha. Ha, ha, ha, ha?

Frank H. Yes—you may laugh; but it is truth upon my soul.

Cha. The little harmless frolics of our youth, Frank, should serve us for laughter in our maturer days;—but what is the matter now? have you lost your youthful spirits? or is there really any thing that can possibly give you serious concern?

Frank H. Yes, Charles; I am in for it again.

Cha. Ha, ha, ha!

Frank H. Don't laugh—don't, Charles:—upon my soul, I am a wretched fellow. (*Charles laughs.*) What! you will laugh?

Cha. Why, who the devil can help laughing, to hear a fellow like you, basking in the sunshining of a splendid fortune; that fortune every hour in a state of continued accumulation; an old rich uncle that

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will leave you every shilling; living in luxury and ease in the very centre of your friends and connexions; the treasures of all parts of the habitable earth pouring in upon you; and hear you talk of wretchedness? zounds, it would make a stoic laugh—ha, ha, ha!

Frank H. Yes: this is all very fine.

Cha. It is all very true, however.

Frank H. So it is, Charles: and yet I am a wretched fellow.

Cha. Not in love, I hope.

Frank H. Over head and ears! but that's not the worst of it!

Cha. No? ha, ha, ha! then you are a miserable fellow, sure enough! ha, ha, ha! who is the lady, Frank?

Frank H. An Angel!

Cha. O, that of course! do I know her?

Frank H. No; this is her first visit to London.

Cha. Indeed!

Frank H. Yes, she is a widow.

Cha. The devil she is! and her name?

Frank H. Cheerly

Cha. (*aside*) My madcap sister, by heaven!

Frank H. Such a woman, Charles! uniting truth, virtue, sense, with all the lovelier graces of her sex.

Cha. Where does she live, Frank? you must introduce me.

Frank H. No, Charles, you must excuse me there: ha, ha, ha! the truth is, I can't introduce you, for I am in disgrace there myself.

Cha. Ay. (*forgetting himself*) You surely have not presumed to—I mean—what have you done to incur her displeasure!

Frank H. Nothing.

Cha. If she be the creature you describe, she cannot be so capricious to take offence at nothing.

Frank H. I don't say that she is offended—nay! I live in hopes to the contrary; but somehow or other—

I have been unfortunately betrayed into the perpetration of a benevolent action; and because I will not allow that I have committed that wicked deed through the worst of motives, namely, the seduction of a suffering, virtuous wife—I at this very period am under momentary expectation of having my throat cut by an offended husband!—

Cha. Ha, ha, ha! upon my soul Frank, this is one of your extraordinary scrapes, sure enough; but come, you must introduce me to your widow.

Frank H. No, no, Charles; I know better, believe me.

Cha. I must see her, Frank: by all the powers of affection, I love her already!

Frank H. Pooh, pooh! nonsense—you don't—

Cha. I do, by Jupiter! ha, ha, ha! what young fellow could avoid it, that had but heard your description of the charming creature?

Frank H. Did I describe her so warmly?

Cha. Did you! zounds! you have set my imagination in a blaze! I long to see her, and must and will find her out.

Frank H. No, you won't—ha, ha, ha!

Cha. Yes, I will—ha, ha, ha!

Enter Timothy crossing the stage.

Frank H. Tim! Timothy! where are you hurry-ing, my old boy?

Tim. (staring) Hey, sir, did you speak to me? lord, I ask pardon, sir, as the man in the play says, 'my grief was blind and did not see you'—heigho!

Frank H. Nay, but communicate, Timothy: what is the matter? nothing serious, I hope.

Tim. Yes, sir, serious, very serious: it must be serious, for it makes me laugh; he, he, he!—heigho!

Frank H. Tim; it must be serious, indeed, if you smile! but I'm afraid it must be a general calamity—a universal extermination, for you absolutely laughed.

Tim. Did I? lord, lord! how misfortunes un-bear-

the mind! laugh, I didn't mean it; I should not have smiled, but for the dreadful distress of two near relations that I have just now left behind me at the door of a prison.

Cha. Ha, ha, ha! what the devil does he mean?

Frank H. Hush, let him alone; relations of yours in a prison! how! for what, Timothy?

Tim. Suspicion of debt—poor things! but if they will go bail for distressed families, and bind themselves for such enormous sums, they must expect no better.

Frank H. A prison! and are they really related to you, Timothy?

Tim. Yes, sir, almost: one is my brother, and the other is my old aunt.

Frank H. And engaged themselves for enormous sums; I am sorry for it.

Tim. I knew you would, sir: fifteen pounds seven is a serious concern.

Both. Ha, ha, ha!

Frank H. Fifteen pounds! for shame, Timothy—pay it; pay it, Timothy; and give them their freedom.

Tim. Pay it! hadn't I better discharge the national debt at the same time, bid for the loan, or buy up the next lottery? I have had a cursed quarrel as I came along too: that was the reason I did not know you at first.

Cha. A quarrel, sir—with whom?

Tim. With myself to be sure; 'Tim,' says I to myself, 'ask your master, he'll lend you the cash in a moment.' 'I know that,' says I to Tim, 'and that is the reason I won't ask it!' then Tim says, with great feeling, 'will you let your relations rot in a prison?' says I, 'mister Tim: I have given all I could rap and lend to those relations, and have not left a farthing to bless myself with, what can I do more?—'but you shall do more!' 'well, one word brought on another between myself and me; and in my passion, as I passed through St. Martin's court, I run my head full butt

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into the stomach of an old clothesman, tumbled him and myself over a wheelbarrow, and going on, awoke, as I thought, out of the strangest dream I ever had in my life.

Frank H. Take this note; change it; ~~change~~ your relations, and with the remainder of two hundred pounds, regale, and make them as comfortable as you can.

Tina. Sir! Mr. Frank! don't joke! I can't laugh; I would speak, sir, but—I huffn all over, I shall blaze presently; no—my eyes are sending a couple of engines to my relief, pump away, pump away—you may prevent a conflagration. [exit.]

Frank H. Poor Timothy! his silence was more eloquent than words.

Cha. Woll, adieu, Frank, for the present; I have business, but shall easily find you, if I miss of seeing you at the widow's.

Frank H. Seeing me at the widow's! that's very well, Charles: but I'll take care to prevent that.

Cha. And I to further it—rely upon it I shall meet you there.

Frank H. And if you do, by heaven I'll cut your throat?

Cha. No, you won't; your description has set me on fire, you rogue! it is merely in friendship to you that I visit your widow, to prevent you from getting into another scrape.

Frank H. A scrape! what scrape?

Cha. The worst of scrapes—matrimony.

[exit severally.]

SCENE II.—MALFORT'S LODGINGS.

Enter the Widow and Mr. and Mrs. Malfort.

Wid. I am happy, my dear Mrs. Malfort, that reason once more resumes her seat; and now let us drop this sombre subject. I beseech you. Pray, what would

you advise me to do with this extraordinary lover of mine? he really talks as if he was in earnest—as if he was desperate enough to marry.

Mrs. M. That he loves you, I believe admits not of a question.

Malf. And that he would instantly give the most unequivocal assurance of his passion is as palpable.

Wid. O yes; I believe the creature is serious enough; but he is charged on all sides with various crimes and enormities. You certainly would not advise me to take a culprit to my heart.

Enter Mrs. Townley.

Mrs. T. [to the Widow.] There is a young gentleman below, madam, who earnestly desires to see you.

Wid. Mr. Heartall?

Mrs. T. No, madam, an officer; he would have followed me up stairs without ceremony, but that I told him you were not in your own apartments.

Wid. Where is he?

Mrs. T. In the little parlour, madam.

Wid. I'll wait on him. [*exit Mrs. Townley.*] Will you excuse me for a moment? [*Mrs. M. curtsies*] An officer! bless me, who can it be? no matter; I am a soldier's daughter, and these sons of scarlet have no terrors for me! from my earliest day I have been taught to love, to honour and respect them; and when I read or hear that an accomplished woman has bestowed her hand and fortune on a brave and honest soldier, I feel she has done her duty; and, like a true patriot, paid her portion of a nation's gratitude.

[*exit.*]

Mrs. M. Well, my Henry, are not now your suspicions of Heartall removed?

Malf. I fain would think so: I wish to banish all ill thoughts of that man, and press him to my bosom, as my friend, my preserver.

Re-enter Mrs. Townley.

Mrs. T. Mr. Ferret, sir, wishes to speak a word with you——

Mal. Ferret! I have some faint recollection of such a name, that was my father's friend: what can this mean? I'll wait upon him——

[*Exit Mrs. Townley.*]

Come, my Harriet! cheerly, my love! I trust misfortune lags in pace, and smiling competence will shortly overtake her. [*exunt.*]

SCENE III.—THE WIDOW'S APARTMENT.

Enter Charles Woodley and the Widow, laughing.

Cha. I knew I should surprise you, I therefore avoided writing, or giving the smallest information of my arrival in England: but I perceive marriage has not tamed you, nor widowhood dejected your spirits; you are still the same giddy, lovely, generous madcap.

Wid. Exactly, Charles: having the sanction of experience and confidence in my own heart, its follies or vivacity can never lead it to dishonour.

Cha. But no mischief in the wind, I hope—no new conquest meditated?

Wid. No; nothing new, the mischief is already done!

Cha. Indeed!

Wid. Yes, indeed: I am afraid I am gone again.

Cha. What, married again?

Wid. No, not yet; Charles, will you give me leave to ask you a question?

Cha. Certainly——

Wid. Have you ever been in action?

Cha. An action! how do you mean?

Wid. Poh! you have not been so long a soldier without some fighting, I suppose?

Cha. No, faith: I have had my share of danger, and have fortunately escaped with unfractured bones.

Wid. Then you may form some idea of my situa-

tion: before the action, a general's anxiety must be dreadful; so is mine! come, as a soldier's daughter, I'll state the case in your own way: we will suppose my heart a citadel, a remarkable fortress; its out-works, in my hand, as impenetrable as the rock of Gibraltar: now an excellent commander, and an able engineer, sets himself down before this well-defended garrison; he pours in shells of flattery, which waste themselves in the air, and do no farther mischief; he then artfully despatches two of his aid-de-camps, in the disguise of charity and benevolence, to sap the foundation, and lay a train for the demolition of the garrison, which, to his own confusion, hypocrisy blows up, and leaves the fortress still besieged, but not surrendered.

Cha. But I suppose you mean to surrender—at discretion.

Wid. No—salutate—upon honourable terms, and march out with matches lighted and colours flying.

Cha. Bravo, sister; you are an excellent soldier! damnè, but I wish you had a command on the coast. But who is this formidable foe? *can I find his name in the army list?

Wid. No: in the London Directory more likely.

Cha. What, a merchant?

Wid. I believe so: the man deals in indigo, cotton, rice, coffee, and brown sugar!

Cha. Indeed! and his name—

Wid. (with an arch laugh) Ay—there you are puzzled! now, what's his name?

Cha. His name—why—Francis Heartall is a good name in the city.

Wid. Ah, lud a'mercy! why, Charles, have you been among the gypsies? how long since you commenced diviner? you are not the seventh son of a seventh son?

Cha. No; I am the son of your father; and with

out the gift of divination, can foresee you wish to make Frank Heartall my brother?

Wid. No, no, Charles; there are enough of the family already—

Cha. Yes; and if there are not a great many more, it will not be your fault, sister! ha, ha, ha!

Wid. Monster! but let this silence you at once; I have a—sort of—floating idea that I like this Heartall; but how it has come to your knowledge, brother soldier, is beyond my shallow comprehension.

Cha. Know then, sister, that Heartall was the earliest friend of my youth; I love the fellow—

Wid. So do I. It is a family failing.

Cha. When boys, we were school-fellows, class-fellows, play-fellows; I was partner in his pranks, fellow-sufferer in his disgrace; co-mates in mischief: we triumphed in each other's pleasures, and mourned together our little imaginary distresses.

Wid. It is all over, then: I must make you brothers, I see; you will have it so; it's all your doing.

Cha. Ingenuous sister! I could hug you to my heart; a noble-minded fellow loves you—you feel he merits your affection, and scorn the little petty arts that female folly too often practises to lead in slow captivity a worthy heart, for the pleasure of sacrificing it at the shrine of her vanity.

Wid. Very true; but I do not mean to give practical lessons to flirts or coquettes, 'who, by-the-by, are a very useful race of people in their way: so many fools and coxcombs could never be managed without them.' No, if I do marry the grocer, 'tis merely to oblige you.

Enter footman.

Foot. Mr. Heartall, madam, if you are at leisure.

Wid. Show him up.

[exit footman.]

Cha. Ha. ha. ha! we shall have the devil to pay

presently!—Heartall does not know me as your brother.

Wid. How! is it possible?

Cha. I met him just as I arrived; wormed his secret from him, and swore I would find you out:—my presence here will astonish him! he will suppose me his rival, and—push! he's here!

[retires up.]

Enter Heartall.

Frank H. Madam, I am come to apologize for my abrupt departure from your apartments this morning; and to offer such conviction of the falsehood of the charge against me, as—

Wid. I entreat you will not take the trouble to mention it: pray think no more of it: (*Charles comes forward on the opposite side*) give me leave to introduce a very particular friend of mine!

Cha. (*going to him*) Frank! Frank Heartall! I am overjoyed to meet you here.

Frank H. Excuse me, Charles—I can't return—return the compliment.

Wid. This gentleman tells me, sir, that you and he are very old acquaintance.

Frank H. Yes, ma'am, very old—

Cha. Ha, ha, ha, ha! yes, ma'am, very old, indeed—hey, Frank!

Frank H. Yes, Charles—so old—that one of us must soon die.

Cha. Ha, ha, ha—

Wid. Heaven forbid—I hope you will both live to be right reverend grey-headed old gentlemen.

Frank H. No, ma'am, we can't both live to be grey-headed old gentlemen; one of us may perhaps.

Cha. Ha, ha, ha—what the devil is the matter, Frank? got into another scrape?

Frank H. A damn'd one—hark you, Charles—a word with you—how did you find that lady out?

Cha. By your description; every body knew it.

Frank H. Did they—do you mean to pay your addresses to her?

Cha. A blunt question!

Frank H. It is an honest one. Do you love her?

Cha. By heaven I do, and would risk my life to secure her felicity.

Frank H. I loved her first.

Cha. That I deny.

Frank H. You dare not, Charles. I, too, have a life already risked; if is in her keeping: if she is yours, your pistols will be unnecessary—you take my life when you take her.

Wid. Ha, ha, ha!

[Heartily fidgeting and going up to the window; Charles and the widow stifling a laugh.]

Frank H. Madam, I ask your pardon: I believe I was born to torment you—I wish I had never seen you; but, pray, ma'am, don't laugh now—do you—love—this gentleman?

Wid. From my heart and soul——

Frank H. Death! tortures! hell! jealousy! damnation! one of us must die——

[going out, the widow gets between him and the door and prevents him.]

Wid. Nay, don't be so angry; bid me farewell before you go—breathe a sigh before you abandon me for ever—shake your friend's hand—wipe your eyes—shake your pocket handkerchief and go off in the pathos!

Frank H. Very well, ma'am; very well—*(going up to Charles)* You are a traitor, Charles!

Cha. (coolly) Hard words, Frank.

Frank H. A false friend.

Cha. Worse and worse.

Frank H. I could almost call you—villain

Cha. Now you make progress.

Frank H. I loved you like a brother

Cha. You did ; I own it.

Frank H. Are you not unworthy of that name ?

Cha. Ask my sister.

Frank H. Who !—are you sister to— ?

Wid. Ask my brother.

Frank H. Madam ! Charles ! eh, what ! I am bewildered ! tell me, are you really brother to this lady ?

Wid. To be sure he is—ha, ha, ha ! don't you remember old Jack Woodley's daughter ?—ha, ha, ha !

Frank H. (*striking his forehead*) O fool, dolt, stupe, idiot ! by heaven, the circumstance never once entered my head ! Charles ! madam ! can you forgive me ? ha, ha, ha ! zounds, I shall go mad ! ha, ha, ha, tol, lol, lol—I am sure I shall go mad !

[*sings and dances.*]

Wid. Did you ever see such a whirligig ? ha, ha ha !

Cha. A child's top, rather, that requires lashing to keep it up—ha, ha, ha !

Frank H. Lash away ! I deserve it richly. But now I have almost recovered my senses, will you both honour me with your company to my uncle's : my carriage is at the door, for I am now determined to clear up all mysteries, either to my confusion or the detection of a wanton and hypocritical friend.

Wid. Dare I venture myself with this madman, Charles ? won't he bite, think you ?

Cha. Not unless the paroxysm returns ; in that case, I'll not answer for him.

Wid. Then I'll summon up all the resolution I can muster, and attend you to the governor's without delay.

Frank H. Will you ? then I shall go mad indeed ! zounds, I am half frantic already ! I could run up a steeple, jump down a coal-pit, put St Paul's in my pocket, and make a walking stick of the monument. Huzza ! huzza ! she is single still ; Charles is her

brother: and Frank Heartall⁶ may yet be a happy fellow.

[*he hurries them off.*]



ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

MALFORT'S LODGINGS.

Enter Malfort Ferret and Mrs. Malfort.

Malf. This way, sir; pray walk in; will you please to sit?

Fer. I thank you, sir; I trust you will pardon the intrusion of a plain blunt fellow, not drawn hither to satisfy an idle curiosity, to peep into the habitations of the poor, and pryingly observe how those that once were prosperous can endure adversity.

Malf. (proudly) Sir!

Fer. To deal plainly with you, sir, I know that you are ruined; a bankrupt; your property divided amongst your creditors: all done fairly and openly, like a man of true integrity—an honest bankrupt.

Malf. Well, sir, I claim no merit from that conduct: the rules that were made to protect, the laws that have been wisely legislated to uphold with honour the high dignity of trade, should never be violated in a commercial nation.

Fer. That's nobly spoken, sir; your sentiments accord with my own, and I applaud you for them. Your father, I suppose, is no more; we were friends, intimate friends, before his last voyage to the Indies; but perhaps he lives—you, doubtless, can inform me.

Malf. [*much affected*] Oh!

Mrs. M. [*aside*] O heavens! he has touched upon a subject that is sure to harrow up his very soul awaken every tender, every filial sensation!

Fer. [*not seeming to see Malfort's distress*] Your father was a worthy man, an honest man; a man that — [*Malfort greatly agitated*] I entreat your pardon, sir; perhaps I should not have named your father; it disturbs you.

Malf. [*with strong emotion*] It does indeed! bankruptcy, penury, and approaching wretchedness, with all their dreadful train of consequences, I can arm myself with patience to endure; but, torn with suspense, tortured with perplexing doubts and fears, now whispering that a prosperous father lives: and now presenting him, surrounded by strangers, on the bed of death, without an affectionate son to receive his blessing, close his eyes, or pay the last sad honours to his loved remains.

Fer. [*with affected concern*] Ay; his wealth too, perhaps, devolving to some interested man, who, to secure the immense property your father must have left, makes no strict inquiries after his lost heir: it is a damned bad world; there are few to be depended on.

Malf. Few, indeed! yet, sir, amongst that few I have found some that came like ministering cherubim to my relief, to chase afflicted melancholy from my breast, and cheered my mourning wife, my suffering little one.

Fer. Ay, perhaps so. I know you have been in distress, and have been relieved by those whom you suppose your friends; perhaps they are so; but mankind is generally governed by some motive of self-interest.

Mrs. M. Amongst such motives, sir, do you not think humanity may sometimes hold a place?

Malf. Or benevolence urge the execution of a noble
act?

Fer. Ay; humanity and benevolence sound loftily; but real benefits are quietly bestowed; without many words on either side; as thus—I give—and you take!
[offering a paper.]

Malf. *[rejecting it]* Excuse me, sir, I must know your motive first.

Fer. Hear me, sir; I am not to learn that you have a secret enemy, who watches like a lynx each loop-hole through which his damned hypocrisy can creep to conceal you from your father, that he himself may inherit the wealth that should be yours.

Malf. Can there be such a wretch!

Fer. There is——

Mrs. M. Heaven forgive him!

Fer. Amen, with all my heart! now, sir, what can my motive be? this paper that I offer you, is an unlimited letter of credit on my house; draw for whatever sums your necessities may demand; by from your enemies. In India you may once again be restored to your father, and to all those large possessions which properly belong to you. *(a pause)* In this seeming act of kindness I shall be no loser; send me the value of my money in produce from the east, and my profit will overpay the obligation.

(With warmth and great seeming good nature.)

Malf. Sir, your bounty overpowers me; I cannot answer you!——Harriet——

Mrs. M. You look to me, Henry, as if you expected reluctant compliance to your pleasure; or that I should peevishly oppose the prospect of dawning happiness, which now auspiciously presents itself. But you mistake me, Henry; my child, my husband, are my country; I see no distance in universal space, if you are with me; over icy mountains or burning sands; all hardships are equally indifferent, while I possess your confidence, your esteem; your love!

Malfort embraces her, tries to speak, but cannot,

Fer. It is wisely spoken, madam; here,—sir, take this paper; it is the tribute of honesty, to suffering misfortune——

[*As he offers the paper, enter a Servant; Ferret puts up the paper.*]

Serv. An old gentleman, wishes to speak to Mr. Ferret.

Fer. An old gentleman! (*aside*) who can it be? I shall be at home presently. I cannot see any body here.

Malf. This apartment is at your service, sir, where you may converse freely with your friend.

exit Servant.

We will retire.

Fer. Sir, I thank you.

[*exit Mr. and Mrs. Malfort.*]

Fer. (*looking out*) Death, and ill fortune! Simon! the dearest babler! all must out! old Malfort's arrival can no longer be a secret to his son; and my deep-laid scheme is baffled and abortive.

Enter Simon hastily.

Well! what's the matter?

Sim. Matter! thank heaven you are found at last!

Fer. Well; why this haste, and what's your errand?—

Sim (*ironically*) Merely to comfort you, for you have consoled me often—disgrace holds her heavy weight of shame over your head: it is suspended by a hair, a breath will snap it, and its fall must crush you!

Fer. Your master is arrived; what then?

Sim. Nay, I know not; my conscience is clear: what sort of face does your's wear?

Malfort, senior, without.

Malf. sen. This is no time for ceremony, madam, Mr. Ferret, I know, is here; and I must and will see him!

Enter Malfort, sen and fixes his eyes severely on Ferret

Malf sen Well, sir ' you are the friendly Mr. Ferret, the faithful agent of my affairs, the consoling comforter of my sorrows, the man to whose unerring honour I freely could entrust my fortune and my life '

Fer I have been such a man my books will prove the integrity of my dealings, the nature of my designs have had their motives, which may hereafter be defined

Malf sen Their nature is already known, and definition now unnecessary ' when first I knew you, you were my brother's clerk, most humbly situated, without a parent, friend, or benefactor I saw you were industrious, I thought you honest, I took you by the hand, I lent you capital, and recommended you as a junior partner in the house you then seemed grateful, wealth flowed in upon you, and when my brother and his friends retired from the busy bustle of laborious business, the firm was yours, and you were crowned with riches, as abundant as they were unexpected '

Fer Granted

Mal. sen How has your gratitude repaid me ' duplicity has marked your conduct—dark hints and innuendos swelled each page of your sophistical letters, wherein you seemed as if your open, friendly heart recoiled from the recital of my son's misfortune—

Fer. Nay, be patient, Mr Malfort

Malf sen Patient ' can I be patient, sir? and even suppose all this? when I, a father, ignorant of his fate, loaded with riches, without a natural heir that should inherit them, felt the dreadful suspense of believing that I had still a living son involved, perhaps, in every misery, and could not stretch the parental hand to rescue him from despatch?

Fer Hear me, Mr Malfort '

Malf. sen. No, sir, attempt at palliation would but increase the enormity of your conduct. After much toil and labour, I have at length discovered that my son yet lives—stripped of his all by unavoidable calamity: all this you knew, it seems; and yet, with the treacherous affectation of friendship, cautiously concealed the place of his retreat from a fond father's inquiring eye; while with half-smothered hints you blackened o'er his conduct, and made me almost curse that hour which once I thought most happy, when bounteous nature blessed me with a son!

Fer. Well, sir, I must now endure your anger, your reproaches; milder moments will occur.

Malf. sen. Here we shall close, and I have done with you for ever; I am content; I have seen you, told you my mind, and abandon you to your own reflections. It was a barbarous friendship, sir, that probed the mind's worst wound, and yet withheld the healing balm that ministers relief. *[exit.]*

Fer. The hour of peril is at hand.

Re-enter Mr. and Mrs. Malfort.

Malf. (observing Simon) New wonders crowd upon my imagination! Harriet, come hither! look upon that old man: if my memory does not fail, he has often borne me in his arms.

Re-enter Malfort, sen.

Malf. sen. With regret, sir, I demand one act of justice at your hands—

Malf. Heavenly powers!

[Sinks into a chair—Mrs. Malfort takes his hand in hers; and, throwing her arm around his neck, stands a fixed spectator of what is passing.]

Malf. sen. I entreat, I supplicate you not to add to the suspense I have already endured; but, as I am well informed you are acquainted with every circumstance of my son's distressful state, I beseech you give me the clue to his retreat—give me the means to find.

to cherish and relieve him?—you will not then indulge me?

Fer. (coolly) I would conceal from you the cause of sorrow or regret, till opportunity was ripe, and discovery no longer dangerous; beside, I have other reasons for my silence, which you may know hereafter. [exit.]

Malf. sen. Which I must know hereafter—ungrateful viper!

[Walking about in great agitation.]
I know not how to proceed. I will not sleep till I have found my boy! Simon, let the carriage be ready.

Sim. I shall, sir. [exit.]

Malfort, jun. comes forward.

Malf. Sir—

Malf. sen. Your pleasure, sir.

Malf. Have you forgot me? has misery erased my name even from the book of nature.

Malf. sen. Merciful heaven! Providence at length has guided my wearied mind, my anxious heart, to that blest spot where I embrace my son!

[They rush into each other's arms.]

Malf. The storm is past! my long lost father! my scattered senses, denying the conviction of sight and feeling, can scarcely credit that I hold him in these trembling arms.

Malf. sen. My son! my son! but where is the gentle partner of your cares! she whose patient suffering—

Malf. (taking Mrs. Malfort by the hand) Here, my father. To this blest saint I owe my life, and all the future comforts that await it. Despair had seized me, and the conflict must have ended, had not heaven inspired that virtuous tongue with arguments of celestial oratory, and snatch'd me from the crime of self-destruction!

Mrs. M. The joyful feelings of my heart, but little used to such sensations, at present overpower and

prevent the utterance of what my mind would dictate to the father of my husband's affection, duty, and respect until me his and yours forever

Malf stn (embracing her) Then live with him for ever in his heart! the wife whose virtuous aid our affliction could not damp, nor penury diminish, add lustre to that sex from whose blest converse we derive our most substantial sum of earthly happiness! but come, my children, let us retire and calmly canvass each strange event, each circumstance which now seems involved in mystery, that have so long obscured us from each other's knowledge the frowns of angry fortune shall no more assail you, and oh! may all your future days be days of harmony and love

[*exiunt*]

SCENE II THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE

Enter the Governor and Timothy

Gov Pooh, pooh! I can't believe it, I won't believe it, Timothy! Ferret is an odd fellow,—coarse but honest, old English oak—a rough bark, but an honest heart!

Tim Yes rough as a hedge hog—but he can be as smooth as a lizard when it answers his purpose!

Gov Why, what the devil is the matter with the grumbling mongrel? got about your business, you night mare! you death watch! you wet blanket! you flap-winged raven!—

Tim I am gone! I'll croak no more—(*going, returns*) Mr Ferret is an honest man, and you'll find him out!

Gov I have found him out!

Tim For an honest man!

Gov Put up!

SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

ACT V.

Tim. When he is found out for an honest man, I hope I shall be considered as the greatest rogue in the universe!

Gov. Thou art the most impudent rogue that ever wagged a saucy tongue! a barking whelp, that lets nothing pass without a snarl!

Tim. Well, I must snarl! I am allowed to do nothing else; I wish I might bite.

Gov. His love for Frank makes him, perhaps, a little too anxious for the boy's prosperity—he would not wish to see him proved a villain and a seducer.

Tim. He would.

Gov. It's a lie, Timothy! he would rather see him dead than dishonoured.

Tim. He does not care which.

Gov. Scoundrel! hey! what!

Tim. Order in your bow-string, Mr. Governor, and have me strangled at once; for it will out.

Gov. What! speak, you dog, or my anxiety will choke me!

Tim. I will: heaven's agent on this side the moon is your nephew!

Gov. Well!

Tim. Belzebub's own factor upon earth is old Ferret!

Gov. Hey! well.

Tim. They can't agree of course!

Gov. Well!

Tim. Is not every mouth opened with your nephew's praise?

Gov. Umph! yes.

Tim. Don't the generous delight in him!

Gov. Ay.

Tim. The rich admire him?

Gov. They do.

Tim. The benevolent respect——

Gov. And the poor adore him! 'tis true, my eyes are opening.

Tim. Whose tongue defamed his good actions, and slandered his very thoughts?

Gov. Umph! old Ferret's!

Tim. Who accused him of seduction?

Gov. Old Ferret! and said he had an evil design upon an innocent young widow.

Tim. And then called her a vixen.

Gov. Ferret! villainous, vindictive, hypocritical Ferret.

Tim. But all for what! shall I tell you, sir?

Gov. Out with it.

Tim. That you might disinherit your nephew, and make him heir to your wealth! are you awake, sir?

Gov. Yes, Timothy; wide awake! I see his villany, and shall crush all his hopes, the dry-skinned hypocrite!

Tim. He has been as busy in other families, sir: you will hear from Mr. Malfort some of Mr. Ferret's pleasant manoeuvres.

Gov. Ay; Malfort's arrived, I hear; has he found his son?

Tim. Yes, sir; he's caught.

Gov. Ferret! treachery! Malfort was his best friend, and made a man of him.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Mr. Malfort and his son and daughter are in the anti-chamber.

Gov. I'll come to them directly. *[Exit Serv.]* I shall be happy to congratulate my worthy friend on the recovery of his son; and he shall congratulate me too; for, though I always said Frank had a heart, yet it never appeared till now so pure and so unspotted. If Jack Woodley's daughter will bless him with her hand, I will pour abundance on them, and the sight of their first boy make the governor the merriest, happiest old bachelor in the United Kingdom. *[Exit.]*

Tim. Then I shall be merry too: like master, like man. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III. ANOTHER APARTMENT AT THE GOVERNOR'S.

Enter young Heartall, Widow, and Charles.

Frank H. This way, madam: my uncle and his friends will join us presently: old Ferret is sent for; and all parties will be assembled to witness either my triumph or disgrace.

Cha. Courage, Frank! am not I your ally! and here is my sister as a corps de reserve!

Frank H. If she condescends to take the field, the day is our own, my boy! *[They retire up.]*

Enter the Governor, Malfort, sen. and Mr. and Mrs. Malfort.

Malf. sen. Every circumstance, my worthy friend, convinces me of his artful management; I was at a loss to guess at the nature of his designs; but, now it is plain and palpable; he wished to be my heir; he panted for my wealth, and cared not if my son, and all that was most dear to me, had perished in wretched obscurity.

Gov. The spider: he had entangled my poor nephew in his snare; but my Timothy came with a friendly brush, and swept the cobweb down.

Wid. (coming forward) Governor, we have entered your fort without demanding the keys of the garrison: this gentleman was our convoy.

[Pointing to Heartall.]

Gov. What, my lively widow: have you caught the military phrase, and use it too to gratify the feelings of the old governor!

Wid. It is the language of the day, sir: the noble enthusiasm that pervades all ranks and sexes! "when the daughters of Britain feel the military ardour, and give the word, to arms! let her enemies beware, for they indeed, her sons are irresistible! that is the universal phrase of Englishwomen, and should come with double force from a soldier's daughter!"

Gov. Bravo, my charming, lovely widow! honest Jack Woodley's daughter.

Wid. And his son, too, at your service.

[*Introducing Charles.*]

Gov. (*taking his hand*) Young gentleman, I rejoice to see you; receive a cordial welcome from your father's friend.

Cha. I shall be happy, sir, to prove myself deserving of your kindness.

Wid. What, my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Malfort too; I congratulate myself upon this happy assemblage.

Mrs. M. Your happy, grateful friends.

Enter Timothy.

Tim. (*to the governor*) He is come, sir,—shall I admit him? Satan's below.

Gov. The devil he is! show him up! draw up his mittimus, and I'll send him in a p~~ass~~-cart to his own dominions,

Tim. I am impatient till it is signed. [*exit.*]

Enter Ferret.

Fer. Well, ladies and gentlemen, I am brought hither, as I understand, for the purposes of accusation and defence: produce your charges; of what am I accused?

Frank H. Ask your own conscience.

Fer. That cannot answer to your satisfaction. I have wound it to my purpose, and its dictates I have already obeyed.

Frank H. Have you not basely injured me? traduced my name, blackened my fairest intentions, perverted my very thoughts; and, by an anonymous and villanous assertion, put even my life in danger?

Fer. Go on—I am come to hear you.

Malf. sen. And to redress, I hope, if yet 'tis in your power. The deepest, deadliest sin, is black ingratitude. My son, you would ever have concealed from

my knowledge; and in the very moment when you had discovered I had found some clue to his retreat, like an arch fiend, you came with offers of pretended bounty! you would for ever have banished him to a distant clime, and robbed an anxious parent of his last fond hope, his remaining solace, the comfort of his declining age—his only son.

Gov. To me there is no excuse in nature for his enormous overheard measure of hypocrisy!

Fer. There is.

Gov. Name it, viper!

Fer. Avarice—the blackest fiend of hell! I plead no other. Were there no such vice, I should have been an honest man. If there are any amongst you who feel this cursed propensity, O let them crush the monster in its birth—could they but view the scorpions that now sevil upon my heart, they would turn with horror from the deluding vice, and offer immediate incense at the shrine of virtue! could the covetous man but feel as I now do, he would scatter his ill-gotten wealth amongst the friendless poor; and, shunning the society of those his avarice hath wronged, fly to some distant spot, and end his solitary days in repentance and remorse. To such contrition have I doomed myself.—Heaven is my witness, I could not injure you, nor any of you, had not avarice hardened my heart, and rendered it callous to the workings of humanity. 'Tis a vice too common, and more destructive in society than swords or poison. What is the gamester's stimulus? what is the miser's god?—avarice! what urges the guilty wretch to betray his friend? the mock patriot his country?—avarice! invincible, destructive avarice!

Malf. sen. Banish the guilty passion—retire into the shade of solitude, where penitence may once more restore you to yourself.

Fer. I never felt, till now, the black perdition of the crime; but you are fellow creatures, and may pity.

what you can't forgive. I came prepared to meet this trial, this disgrace, and to make atonement by the only act of justice in my power: young man, (*to Charles*) you are a soldier, not overburdened with the gifts of fortune. Your father was my friend—your sister's husband was my patron: and, assisted with his purse, my most prosperous speculations, which I repaid by wickedly traducing his innocent widow; and endeavouring to rob her of a heart for which empires might have contended, were its value truly known:—receive these papers—the memorandums previously prepared for you, of what shall be legally ratified. And when you hereafter count your large possessions over, honour and plain honesty will instruct you how to act, if you can remember the last sharp, regretful words of him that tells you, YOU ARE A BAD MAN'S HEIR.

[*exit.*]

Charles retires up, and examines the papers.

Frank H. Charles, what are those papers? an inventory of his villainies, or a renunciation of his errors?

Cha. Neither, Frank; an extract from his will, and a memorandum of a deed of gift, by which I am to possess a most ample annuity during his life, and the residue of his property after his demise.

Wid. Astonishing!

Cha. 'Tis true, upon my honour!

(*Heartall looks over the papers.*)

Wid. This generous act should cancel many of his ill deeds—let us all endeavour to pity and forgive him: what say you, governor, should we bear malice?

Gov. No, my charming widow: I am exactly of your opinion; I cannot catch the little twinkling corner of that arch eye, and differ from you, you little toad! come, Frank, he must be forgiven.

Frank H. Before I finally close with your proposal, confirm my sentence—guilty, or not-guilty!

Wid. Come, governor. sum up the evidence

Gov. I will, my little Alfred—my little petticoat legislator, culprit, stand forth!

Frank H. Mercy, uncle, mercy!

Gov. You are Francis Heartall, I think—nephew, as I have heard, to a foolish old governor of that name; and I prophesy heir to all his wealth; he has heard of your tricks, and witnessed your enormities! in which he now begins to perceive there was neither vice nor villany. You are, therefore, free upon that charge! but for an unthinking spendthrift, who could squander the overflowings of his purse in purposes of old-fashioned benevolence, what punishment can be adequate to the enormity of such a crime?

Frank H. Mercy again, uncle, mercy!

Gov. I therefore doom you to imprisonment for life, in those dear arms! (*taking the widow's hand*)

Wid. No! I can't surrender.—

Cha. [*retorting*] But you'll capitulate upon honourable terms! hey, sister?

Wid. What, brother soldier, do you fall in to bring up the rear? well, if it must be so, it must: Heartall, there's my hand; a mad and cheerful heart accompanies it—indulge it in its little whims, do not censure too freely its caprices; though it may sometimes overflow at the distresses of the wretched, or gently melt at sorrows not its own, yet there still is room for friendship, confidence, and love.

Gov. The powers of heaven shower their blessings on you!

Wid. Thanks, generous governor. (*to the characters, and in a military accent*) ATTENTION—FALL BACK! [*they retire one pace back, she comes forward*] In perilous times it may not be improper to request the COUNTERSIGN—say, is it VICTORY OR DEATH? your hands decide it.—[*in a military tone*] REAR RANK CLOSE TO THE FRONT! [*the characters advance—to them*] You have received a voluntary contribution from a generous

public—let us endeavour to deserve it: and by our future efforts prove our gratitude to each loyal hand and heart that yields its generous protection to

SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER

END OF THE SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER

EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR OF THE COMEDY

Spoken by the Widow Chcerly.

Before the fatal knot is fairly ty'd ;
Before I change the widow for the bride ;
Once more at this tribunal I appear,
Nor doubt your favour to a VOLUNTEER.
Such am I now—though not by martial laws,
I volunteer it—in an author's cause—
'This, his first bantling, could your candour spare,
And take his offspring to your fostering care—
Nurtur'd by you, the tendril slip may root,
And fairer blossoms from its branches shoot.

Like puppies born are all dramatic brats,—
For *nine long days* they are as blind as bats ;
Poor crawling creatures, sons of care and night,
'Then let *this* live till it can see the light ;
And should you foster it to twenty-one,
Why then—Oh, no—
Dramatic bantlings, never *go alone* ;
Unlike mankind, if once the *nurse* forsake 'em,
They die by inches—and the *dogs* won't take 'em :
Say is the day our own—how goes my cause ?
You needn't speak, I'll judge by your applause
'Tis well—this approbation's cheering :
I claim some merit from *my volunteering* ;—
Not like the hardy sons of Albion's soil,
Disdaining peril, and severest toil ;
A mass of subjects, in one loyal heart.

EPILOGUE.

To drive the spoiler from their native land,
And future tyrants teach that host to fear,
Who boasts the name of *British volunteer*!

Ladies; I one proposal fain would make,
And trust you'll hear it, for your country's sake,—
While glory animates each *manly* nerve,
Should *British women* from the contest swerve?
No!—

We'll form a female army—OF RESERVE;
And class them thus—*old maids* are PIONEERS.
Widows, sharp-shooters—*wives* are MUSKETEERS
Maids are BATTALION—that's all under twenty—
And as for *light troops*—we have those in plenty!
Fixens the trumpet blow—*scoolds* beat the drum—
When thus prepared—what enemy DARE come!
Those eyes that even Britons could enslave,
Will serve to light poor Frenchmen to their grave;
So shall the raillery of British charms
Repel invaders without force of arms!

If this succeeds—as I the scheme have plann'd,
I expect at least the honour of command:
I have an AID-DE-CAMP—behind the scene,
Who all this winter in the CAMP has been;
Inured to service in the tented field,
She can with ease the pond'rous musket wield:
The martial skill she shall impart to you,
Which on this spot, so oft has had review;
Then tremble, France! since *British women* can
A firelock handle—as they do a fan!
Now, brother soldiers—dare I sisters join?
If you this night your efforts should combine,
To save our *corps* from anxious hope and fear,
And send out mercy—as a VOLUNTEER!
To whose white banner, should the critics flock,
Our rallying numbers might sustain the shock,
The sword shall drop—then cease impending
slaughter,

! mercy's shield protects thee—Soldier's Daughter

THE GAMESTER: A TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY EDWARD MOORE.

As performed in the British and American Theatres.



NEW YORK

PUBLISHED BY CHARLES WHELY, NO. 3 WALL STREET, H
APLEY & TULLA, AND MC CARTHY & DAVIS, PHILADELPHIA,
CHAMBERLAIN AND SAMUEL M. FARLEY, BOSTON.

1811.

PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK.

LIKE fam'd La Mancha's knight, who, lance in
hand,
Mounted his steed to free th' enchanted land,
Our Quixotic bard sets out a monster-taming,
Arm'd at all points to fight that hydra—gaming.
Aloft on Pegasus he waves his pen,
And hurls defiance at the catiff's den.
'The first on fancied giants spent his rage,
But this has more than windmills to engage.
He combats passion, rooted in the soul,
Whose powers at once delight ye and controul;
Whose magic bondage each lost slave enjoys,
Nor wishes freedom, though the spell destroys,
To save our land from this magician's charms,
And rescue maids and matrons from his arms,
Our knight poetic comes—and oh, ye fair!
This black enchanter's wicked arts beware!
His subtle poison dims the brightest eyes,
And at his touch each grace and beauty dies,
Love, gentleness, and joy, to rage give way,
And the soft dove becomes a bird of prey.
May this our bold adventurer break the spell,
And drive the demon to his native hell.
Ye slaves of passion, and ye dupes of chance,
Wake all your powers from this destructive trance!
~~Shake off the shackles of this tyrant vice:~~
Hear other calls than those of cards and dice;
Be learn'd in nobler arts than those of play,
And other debts than those of honour pay;
No longer live insensible to shame,
'Lost to your country, families and fame—
Could our romantic muse this work achieve,
Would there one honest heart in Britain grieve:
'Th' attempt, though wild, would not in vain be made
If every honest hand would lend its aid.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	Drury-lane.	New-York.	Philadelph.
Beverly	<i>Mr. Kemble</i>	<i>Mr. Cooper</i>	<i>Mr. Cooper</i>
Lewson	<i>Bensley</i>	<i>Robinson</i>	<i>Barrett</i>
Stukely	<i>Palmcr</i>	<i>Fennel</i>	<i>Wood</i>
Jarvis	<i>Aickin</i>	<i>Tyler</i>	<i>Warren</i>
Bates	<i>Packer</i>	<i>Shapter</i>	<i>Abercron</i>
Dawson	<i>Phillimore</i>	<i>Saubere</i>	<i>F. Duarny</i>
Waiter	<i>Lyons</i>	<i>Allcn</i>	<i>Durang</i>

Mrs. Beverly	<i>Mrs. Siddons</i>	<i>Mrs. Darley</i>	<i>Mrs. Entwis</i>
Charlotte	- <i>Kemble</i>	- <i>Villiers</i>	- <i>Duff</i>
Lucy	- <i>Heard</i>	- <i>Wheatley</i>	- <i>Seymour</i>

THE GAMESTER.



ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

Enter Mrs. Beverly and Charlotte.

Mrs. Bev. Be comforted, my dear ; all may be well yet And now, methinks, the lodging begins to look with another face. O, sister, sister ! if these were all my hardships, if all I had to complain of were no more than quitting my house, servants, equipage, and show, your pity would be weakness.

Cha. Is poverty nothing, then ? •

Mrs. Bev. Nothing in the world, if it affected only me. While we had a fortune, I was the happiest of the rich : and now 'tis gone, give me but a bare subsistence and my husband's smiles, and I'll be the happiest of the poor. To me now these lodgings want nothing but their master. Why do you look at me ?

Char. That I may hate my brother.

Mrs. Bev. Don't talk so, Charlotte.

Chdr. Has he not undone you ?—oh, this pernicious vice of gaming ! but methinks his usual hours of four or five in the morning might have contented him ; 'twas misery enough to wake for him till then. Need he have staid out all night ? I shall learn to detest him !

Mrs. Bev. Not for the first fault. He never slept from me before.

Char. Slept from you! no, no, his nights have, nothing to do with sleep. How has this one vice driven him from every virtue! nay, from his affections, too.

—The time was, sister—

Mrs. Bev. And is. I have no fear of his affections. Would I knew that he were safe.

Char. From ruin and his companions—but that's impossible. His poor little boy, too! what must become of him?

Mrs. Bev. Why want shall teach him industry. From his father's mistakes he shall learn prudence, and from his mother's resignation, patience. Poverty has no such terrors in it as you imagine. There's no condition of life, sickness and pain excepted, where happiness is excluded. The husbandman, who rises early to his labour, enjoys more welcome rest at night for't. His bread is sweeter to him; his home happier; his family dearer; his enjoyments surer. The sun that rouses him in the morning, sets in the evening to release him. All situations have their comforts if sweet contentment dwell in the heart. But my poor Beverly has none. The thought of having ruined those he loves, is misery for ever to him. Would I could ease his mind of that.

Char. If he alone were ruined, 'twere just he should be punished. He is my brother, 'tis true; but when I think of what he has done; of the fortune you brought him; of his own large estate too, squandered away upon this vilest of passions, and among the vilest of wretches. Oh, I have no patience; my own little fortune is untouched, he says. Would I were sure on't.

Mrs. Bev. And so you may—'twould be a sin to doubt it.

Char. I will be sure on't—'twas madness in me to

give it to his management. But I'll demand it from him this morning, I have a melancholy occasion for it.

Mrs. Bev. What occasion?

Char. To support a sister.

Mrs. Bev. No; I have no need on't. Take it, and reward a lover with it. The generous Lewson deserves much more. Why won't you make him happy?

Char. Because my sister's miserable.

Mrs. Bev. You must not think so. I have my jewels left yet. I'll sell them to supply our wants; and when all's gone, these hands shall toil for our support. The poor should be industrious—Why those tears, Charlotte?

Char. They flow in pity for you.

Mrs. Bev. All may be well yet. When he has nothing to lose I shall fetter him in these arms again; and then what is it to be poor?

Char. Cure him but of this destructive passion, and my uncle's death may retrieve all yet.

Mrs. Bev. Ay, Charlotte, could we cure him. But the disease of play admits no cure but poverty; and the loss of another fortune would but increase his shame and his affliction. Will Mr. Lewson call this morning?

Char. He said so last night. He gave me hints, too, that he had suspicions of our friend Stukely.

Mrs. Bev. Not of treachery to my husband? that he loves play, I know; but surely he's honest.

Char. He would fain be thought so; therefore I doubt him. Honesty needs no pains to set itself off.

Enter Lucy.

Mrs. Bev. What now, Lucy?

Lucy. Your old steward, madam. I had not the heart to deny him admittance, the good old man begged so hard for't

[*exit*]

THE GAMESILL,

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Enter Jarvis.

Mrs. Bev Is this well, Jarvis? I desired you to avoid me

Jar Did you, madam? I am an old man, and had forgot. Perhaps too, you forbid my tears, but I am old, madam, and age will be forgetful

Mrs. Bev (to *Char*) 'The faith ful creature' how he moves me

Char Not to have seen him had been cruelty

Jar I have forgot these apartments too. I remember none such in my young master's house and yet I have lived in't these five and twenty years - His good father would not have dismissed me

Mrs. Bev He had no reason, Jarvis

Jar I was faithful to him while he lived, and when he died he bequeathed me to his son. I have been faithful to him, too

Mrs. Bev I know it, I know it, Jarvis

Char We both know it

Jar I am an old man, madam, and have not a long time to live. I asked but to have died with him, and he dismissed me

Mrs. Bev Prithce no more of this! 'twas his poverty that dismissed you

Jar Is he indeed so poor, then?—oh, he was the joy of my old heart—but must his creditors have all—and have they sold his house too? his father built it when he was but a prating boy. The times that I have carried him in these arms! and, Jarvis, says he, when a beggar has asked charity of me, why should people be poor? you shan't be poor, Jarvis, if I were a king, nobody should be poor. Yet he is poor. And then he was so brave!—oh, he was a brave little boy! and yet so merciful, he'd not have killed the guilt that stung him

Mrs. Bev Speak to him, Charlotte, for I cannot

Char When I have wiped my eyes

Jar I have a little money, madam, it might have been more, but I have loved the poor. All that I have is yours.

Mrs Bev No, Jarvis; we have enough yet. I thank you, though, and will deserve your goodness.

Jar But shall I see my master? and will he let me attend him in his distresses? I'll be no expense to him; and 'twill kill me to be refused. Where is he, madam?

Mrs Bev Not at home, Jarvis. You shall see him another time.

Char To-morrow, or the next day—Oh, Jarvis! what a change is here?

Jar A change indeed, madam! my old heart aches at it. And yet, methinks—but here's somebody coming.

Enter Lucy with Stukely

Lucy Mr Stukely, madam. [exit.

Stu Good morning to you, ladies. Mr Jarvis, your servant. Where is my friend, madam? [to *Mrs Bev*

Mrs Bev I should have asked that question of you. Have you seen him to-day?

Stu No, madam.

Char Nor last night?

Stu Last night? did he not come home, then?

Mrs Bev No, were you not together?

Stu At the beginning of the evening, but not since. Where can he have staid?

Char You call yourself his friend, sir, why do you encourage him in this madness of gaming?

Stu You have asked me that question before, madam, and I told you my concern was that I could not save him. Mr Beverly is a man, madam, and if the most friendly entreaties have no effect upon him, I have no other means. My purse has been his, even to the injury of my fortune. If that has been encouragement, I deserve censure, but I meant it to relieve him.

Mrs Bev I don't doubt it, sir, and I thank you—but where do you leave him last night?

of

Stu. At Wilson's, madam, if I ought to tell; in company I did not like. Possibly he may be there still, Mr. Jarvis knows the house, I believe.

Jar. Shall I go, madam?

Mrs. Bev. No, he may take it ill.

Char. He may go as from himself.

Stu. And, if he pleases, madam, without naming me I am faulty myself, and should conceal the errors of a friend. But I can refuse nothing here.

[bowing to the ladies]

Jar. I would fain see him, methinks.

Mrs. Bev. Do so, then; but take care how you upbraid him—I have never upbraided him.

Jar. Would I could bring him comfort! *[exit Jar]*

Stu. Don't be too much alarmed, madam. All men have their errors, and their times of seeing them. Perhaps my friend's time is not come yet. But he has an uncle; and an old man don't live for ever. You should look forward, madam; we are taught how to value a second fortune by the loss of a first.

[knocking.]

Mrs. Bev. Hark!—No—that knocking was too rude for Mr. Beverly. Pray heaven he be well.

Stu. Never doubt it, madam. You shall be well, too—every thing shall be well. *[knocking again.]*

Mrs. Bev. The knocking is a little loud, though—who waits there? will none of you answer?—none of you, did I say?—alas, what was I thinking of? I had forgot myself.

Char. I'll go, sister—But don't be alarm'd so. *[exit—]*

Stu. What extraordinary accident have you to fear, madam!

Mrs. Bev. I beg your pardon; but 'tis ever thus with me in Mr. Beverly's absence. No one knocks at the door, but I fancy it is a messenger of ill news.

Stu. You are too fearful, madam; 'twas but one night of absence: and if ill thoughts intrude (as love

is always doubtful,) think of your worth and beauty, and drive them from your breast.

Mrs. Bev. What thoughts? I have no thoughts that wrong my husband.

Stu. Such thoughts indeed would wrong him. The world is full of slander; and every wretch that knows himself unjust, charges his neighbour with like passions: and by the general frailty hides his own—if you are wise, and would be happy, turn a deaf ear to such reports. 'Tis ruin to believe them.

Mrs. Bev. Ay, worse than ruin. 'Twould be to sin against conviction—why was it mentioned?

Stu. To guard you against rumour. The sport of half mankind is mischief; and for a single error they make men devils. If their tales reach you, disbelieve them.

Mrs. Bev. What tales? by whom? why told? I have heard nothing—or if I had, with all his errors, my Beverly's firm faith admits no doubt—it is my safety, my seat of rest and joy, while the storm threatens round me I'll not forsake it. (*Stukely sighs and looks down*) Why turn you, sir, away? and why that sigh?

Stu. I was attentive, madam; and sighs will come we know not why. Perhaps I have been too busy—if it should seem so, impute my zeal to friendship, that meant to guard you against evil tongues. Your Beverly is wronged, slandered most vilely—my life upon his truth.

Mrs. Bev. And mine too. Who is't that doubts it? but no matter—I am prepared. Sir—yet why this caution?—you are my husband's friend; I think you mine too; the common friend of both. (*pauses*) I had been unconcerned else.

Stu. For heaven's sake, madam, be so still! I meant to guard you against suspicion, not to alarm it.

Mrs. Bev. Nor have you, sir. Who told you of suspicion? I have a heart it cannot reach.

Stu. Then I am happy—I would say more, but am prevented.

Enter Charlotte.

Mrs. Bev. Who was it, Charlotte?

Char. What a heart has that Jarvis!—a creditor, sister. But the good old man has taken him away—don't distress his wife; don't distress his sister, I could hear him say. 'Tis cruel to distress the afflicted—and when he saw me at the door, he begged pardon that his friend had knocked so loud.

Stu. I wish I had known of this. Was it a large demand, madam?

Char. I heard not that; but visits, such as these, we must expect often—why so distress'd, sister? this is no new affliction.

Mrs. Bev. No, Charlotte; but I am faint with watching—quite sunk and spiritless—will you excuse me, sir? I'll to my chamber, and try to rest a little.

Stu. Good thoughts go with you, madam.

[Exit Mrs. Bev.]

My bait is taken, then (*aside*)—poor Mrs. Beverly! How my heart grieves to see her thus!

Char. Cure her, and be a friend, then.

Stu. How cure her, madam?

Char. Reclaim my brother.

Stu. Ay, give him a new creation, or breathe another soul into him. I'll think on't madam. Advice, I see is thankless.

Char. Useless I am sure it is. Through mistaken friendship, or other motives, you feed his passion with your purse, and soothe it by example. Physicians, to cure fevers, keep from the patient's thirsty lip the cup that would inflame him. You give it to his hands. (*knocking*) Hark, sir!—these are my brother's desperate symptoms—another creditor.

Stu. One not so easily got rid of—what, Lewson!

Enter Lewson.

Lew. Madam, your servant—your's sir. I was inquiring for you at your lodgings

Stu. This morning ! you had business, then ?

Lew. You'll call it by another name, perhaps.—
Where's Mr. Beverly, madam ?

Char. We have sent to enquire for him.

Lew. Is he abroad then ? he did not use to go out so early.

Char. No, nor stay out so late.

Lew. Is that the case ? I am sorry for it. But Mr. Stukely, perhaps, may direct you to him.

Stu. I have already, sir. But what was your business with me ?

Lew. To congratulate you upon your late successes at play. Poor Beverly !—but you are his friend ; and there's a comfort in having successful friends.

Stu. And what am I to understand by this ?

Lew. That Beverly's a poor man, with a rich friend ; that's all.

Stu. Your words would mean something, I suppose. Another time, sir, I shall desire an explanation.

Lew. And why not now ? I am no dealer in long sentences. A minute or two will do for me.

Stu. But not for me, sir. I am slow of apprehension, and must have time and privacy. A lady's presence engages my attention. Another morning I may be found at home.

Lew. Another morning, then, I'll wait upon you.

Stu. I shall expect you, sir. Madam, your servant.

[*exit.*]

Char. What mean you by this ?

Lew. To hint to him that I know him.

Char. How know him ? mere doubt and supposition !

Lew. I shall have proof soon.

Char. And what then ? would you risk your life to be his punisher ?

Lew. My life, madam ! don't be afraid. And yet I am happy in your concern for me. But let it con-

tent you, that I know this Stukely—'twould be as easy to make him honest as brave.

Char. And what do you intend to do?

Lew. Nothing, till I have proof. Yet my suspicions are well grounded—but, methinks, madam, I am acting here without authority. Could I have leave to call Mr. Beverly Brother, his concerns would be my own. Why will you make my services appear officious?

Char. You know my reasons, and should not press me. But I am cold, you say; and cold I will be, while a poor sister is destitute—my heart bleeds for her; and till I see her sorrows moderated, love has no joys for me.

Lew. Can I be less a friend by being a brother? I would not say an unkind thing—but the pillar of your house is shaken; prop it with another, and it shall stand firm again. You must comply.

Char. And will, when I have peace within myself. But let us change this subject—your business here this morning is with my sister. Misfortunes press too hard upon her; yet, till to day, she has born them nobly.

Lew. Where is she?

Char. Gone to her chamber. Her spirits failed her.

Lew. I hear her coming. Let what has passed with Stukely be a secret—she has already too much to trouble her.

Enter Mrs. Beverly.

Mrs. Bev. Good morning, sir; I heard your voice, and, as I thought, inquiring for me. Where's Mr. Stukely, Charlotte.

Cha. This moment gone—you have been in tears, sister; but here's a friend shall comfort you.

Lew. Or, if I add to your distresses, I'll beg your pardon, madam. The sale of your house and furniture was finished yesterday.

Mrs. Bev. I know it, sir: I know too your generous reason for putting me in mind of it. But you have obliged me too much already.

Lew. These are trifles, madam, which I know you have set a value on; those I have purchased, and will deliver. I have a friend, too, that esteems you—he has bought largely, and will call nothing his, till he has seen you. If a visit to him would not be painful, he has begged it may be this morning.

Mrs. Bev. Not painful in the least. My pain is from the kindness of my friends. Why am I to be obliged beyond the power of return?

Lew. You shall repay us at your own time. I have a coach waiting at the door—shall we have your company madam? [*To Char.*

Char. No; my brother may return soon; I'll stay and receive him.

Mrs. Bev. He may want a comforter, perhaps. But don't upbraid him, Charlotte. We shan't be absent long. Come, sir, since I must be so obliged.

Lew. 'Tis I that am obliged. An hour, or less, will be sufficient for us. We shall find you at home, madam.

[*To Char. and exit with Mrs. Bev.*

Char. Certainly. I have but little inclination to appear abroad. Oh, this brother, this brother! to what wretchedness has he reduced us! • [exit.

SCENE II.—CHANGES TO STUKELY'S LODGINGS.

Enter *Stukely*.

Stu. That Lewson suspects me is too plain. Yet why should he suspect me? I appear the friend of Beverly as much as he. But I am rich, it seems; and so I am, thanks to another's folly, and my own wisdom. To what use is wisdom, but to take advantage of the weak? this Beverly's my fool; I cheat him, and he calls me friend. But more business must be done yet—his wife's jewels are unsold; so is the re-

version of his uncle's estate. I must have these too. And then there's a treasure above all—I love his wife—before she knew this Beverly I loved her; but, like a cringing fool, bowed at a distance, while he stepped in and won her—never, never will I forgive him for it. My pride, as well as love, is wounded by this conquest. I must have vengeance. Those hints, this morning, were well thrown in—already they have fastened on her. If jealousy should weaken her affections, want may corrupt her virtue—my heart rejoices in the hope—these jewels may do much—he shall demand them of her; which, when mine, shall be converted to special purposes—what now, Bates?

Enter Bates.

Bates. Is it a wonder, then, to see me? the forces are all in readiness, and only wait for orders. Where's Beverly?

Stu. At last night's rendezvous, waiting for me. Is Dawson with you?

Bates. Dressed like a nobleman; with money in his pocket, and a set of dice that shall deceive the devil.

Stu. That fellow has a head to undo a nation; but for the rest, they are such low-mannered, ill-looking dogs, I wonder Beverly has not suspected them.

Bates. No matter for manners and looks. Do you supply them with money, and they are gentlemen by profession—the passion of gaming casts such a mist before the eyes, that the nobleman shall be surrounded with sharpers, and imagine himself in the best company.

Stu. There's that William's, too. It was he, I suppose, that called at Beverly's with the note this morning. What directions did you give him.

Bates. To knock loud and be clamorous. Did not you see him?

Stu. No, the fool sneaked off with Jarvis. Had he appeared within doors, as directed, the note had been

discharged. I waited there on purpose. I want the women to think well of me; for Lewson's grown suspicious; he told me so himself.

Bates. What answer did you make him?

Stu. A short one—that I would see him soon, for farther explanation.

Bates. We must take care of him. • But what have we to do with Beverly? Dawson and the rest are wondering at you.

Stu. Why, let them wonder. I have designs above their narrow reach. They see me lend him money, and they stare at me. But they are fools. I want him to believe me beggared by him.

Bates. And what then?

Stu. Ay, there's the question; but no matter; at night you may know more. He waits for me at Wilson's. I told the women where to find him.

Bates. To what purpose? •

Stu. To save suspicion. It looked friendly, and they thanked me. Old Jarvis was dispatched to him.

Bates. And may intreat him home——

Stu. No; he expects money from me; but I'll have none. His wife's jewels must go——women are easy creatures, and refuse nothing where they love. Follow to Wilson's; but be sure he sees you not. You are a man of character, you know; of prudence and discretion. Wait for me in an outer room; I shall have business for you presently. Come, sir;

Let drudging fools by honesty grow great!

The shorter road to riches is deceit.

Exeunt.

A TRAGEDY

ACT THE SECOND:

SCENE I.

A GAMING-HOUSE, WITH A TABLE, BOX, DICE, &c. BRAVERLY
DISCOVERED SITTING.

Bev. Why, what a world is this? the slave that digs for gold, receives his daily pittance, and sleeps contented; while those for whom he labours, convert their good to mischief, making abundance the means of want. Oh, shame, shame! had fortune given me but a little, that little had been still my own. But plenty leads to waste; and shallow streams maintain their currents, while swelling rivers beat down their banks, and leave their channels empty.—What had I to do with play? I wanted nothing. My wishes and my means were equal. The poor followed me with blessings; love scattered roses on my pillow, and morning waked me to delight—oh, bitter thought, that leads to what I was by what I am? I would forget both—who's there?

Enter waiter.

Waiter. A gentleman, sir, inquires for you.

Bev. He might have used less ceremony. Stukely, I suppose?

Waiter. No, sir, a stranger.

Bev. Well, show him in. *[exit waiter.]*

A messenger from Stukely then; from him that has undone me! yet all in friendship—and now he lends me his little, to bring back fortune to me.

Enter Jarvis.

Jarvis!—why this intrusion? your absence had been kinder. u

Jar. I came in duty, sir. If it be troublesome—

Bev. It is—I would be private—hid even from myself. Who sent you hither?

Jar. One that would persuade you home again. My mistress is not well; her tears told me so.

Bev. Go with thy duty there, then——“but does she weep? I am to blame to let her weep.” Prithce begone: I have no business for thee.

Jar. Yes, sir, to lead you from this place. I am your servant still. Your prosperous fortune blessed my old age. If that has left you, I must not leave you.

Bev. Not leave me! recal past time, then: or through this sea of storms and darkness, show me a star to guide me—but what canst thou?

Jar. The little that I can I will. You have been generous to me—I would not offend you, sir—but—

Bev. No. Think'st thou I'd ruin thee, too? I have enough of shame already—my wife, my wife! wouldst thou believe it, Jarvis? I have not seen her all this long night—I who have loved her so, that every hour of absence seemed as a gap in life? But other bonds have held me—oh, I have played the boy! dropping my counters in the stream, and reaching to redeem them, lost myself. “Why wilt thou follow misery? or if thou wilt, go to thy mistress: she has no guilt to sting her; and therefore may be comforted.”

Jar. For pity's sake, sir!—I have no heart to see this change.

Bev. Nor I to bear it—how speaks the world of me, Jarvis?

Jar. As of a man dead. Of one, who, walking in a dream, fell down a precipice. The world is sorry for you.

Bev. Ay, and pities me. Says it not so! but I was born to infamy—I'll tell thee what it says; it calls me villain, a treacherous husband, a cruel father, a false brother, one lost to nature and her charities, or, to say

all in one short word, it calls me—gamester. Go to thy mistress! I'll see her presently.

Jar. And why not now? rude people press upon her: loud, bawling creditors; wretches, who know no pity—I met one at the door: he would have seen my mistress: I wanted means of present payment, so promised it to-morrow. But others may be pressing, and she has grief enough already. Your absence hangs too heavy on her.

Bev. Tell her I'll come then. I have a moment's business. But what hast thou to do with my distresses? thy honesty has left thee poor: and age wants comfort—keep what thou hast “for cordials,” lest between thee and the grave, misery steal in. I have a friend shall counsel me—this is that friend.

Enter Stukely.

Stu. How fares it Beverly? honest Mr. Jarvis, well met; I hoped to find you here. That viper, Williams! was it not he that troubled you this morning?

Jar. My mistress heard him then?—I am sorry that she heard him.

Bev. And Jarvis promised payment.

Stu. That must not be. Tell him I'll satisfy him.

Jar. Will you, sir? heaven will reward you for it.

Bev. Generous Stukely! friendship like yours, had it ability like will, would more than balance the wrongs of fortune.

Stu. You think too kindly of me—make haste to Williams; his clamours may be rude else. [*to Jarvis.*

Jar. And my master will go home again—alas, sir, we know of hearts there breaking for his absence.

[*Exit.*

Bev. Would I were dead!

Stu. “Or turn'd hermit, counting a string of beads, in a dark cave; or under a weeping willow, praying for mercy on the wicked.” Ha, ha, ha! prithee, be a man, and leave dying to disease and old age.—Fortune may be ours again; at least we'll try for't.

Rev. No : it has fool'd us on too far.

Stu. Ay, ruin'd us; and therefore we'll sit down contented. These are the despondings of men without money; but let the shining ore chink in the pocket, and folly turns to wisdom. We are fortune's children——true, she's a fickle mother; but shall we droop because she's peevish?—no; she has smiles in store. And these her frowns are meant to brighten 'em.

Rev. Is this a time for levity? but you are single in the ruin, and therefore may talk lightly of it. With me 'tis complicated misery.

Stu. You censure me unjustly—I but assumed these spirits to cheer my friend. Heaven knows he wants a comforter.

Rev. What new misfortune?

Stu. I would have brought you money, but lenders want securities. What's to be done? all that was mine is yours already.

Rev. And there's the double weight that sinks me. I have undone my friend too; one who, to save a drowning wretch, reached out his hand and perished with him.

Stu. Have better thoughts.

Rev. Whence are they to proceed? I have nothing left.

Stu. (*sighing*) Then we're indeed undone. What, nothing? no moveables, nor useless trinkets? baubles locked up in caskets to starve their owners? I have ventur'd deeply for you.

Rev. Therefore this heart-ache; for I am lost beyond all hope.

Stu. No; means may be found to save us. Jarvis is rich. Who made him so? this is no time for ceremony.

Rev. And is it for dishonesty? the good old man? shall I rob him too? my friend would grieve for it. No; let the little that he has buy food and clothing for him.

Stu. 'Good'morning then- [*going*.

Bev. Sh' hasty ! why then, good morning.

Stu. And when we meet again, upbraid me. Say it was I that tempted you. Tell Lewson so ; and tell him I have wronged you.—he has suspicions of me, and will thank you.

Bev. No ; we have been companions in a rash voyage, and the same storm has wreck'd us both. Mine shall be self-upbraidings.

Stu. And will they feed us ? you deal unkindly by me. I have sold and borrow'd for you, while land or credit lasted ; and now, when fortune should be try'd, and my heart whispers me success, I am deserted ; turn'd loose to beggary, while you have hoards.

Bev. What hoards ? name 'em, and take 'em.

Stu. Jewels.

Bev. And shall this thriftless hand seize them too ? my poor, poor wife ! must she lose all ? I would not wound her so.

Stu. Nor I, but from necessity. One effort more, and fortune may grow kind. I have unusual hopes.

Bev. Think of some other means then.

Stu. I have ; and you rejected 'em.

Bev. Pr'thee, let me be a man.

Stu. Ay, and your friend a poor one. But I have done. And for these trinkets of a woman, why, let her keep 'em to deck out her pride with, and show a laughing world that she has finery to starve in.

Bev. No ; she shall yield up all. My friend demands it. But need we have talked lightly of her ? the jewels that she values are truth and innocence—those will adorn her ever ; and for the rest, she wore 'em for a husband's pride, and to his wants will give 'em ; alas, you know her not. Where shall we meet ?

Stu. No matter ; I have changed my mind. Leave me to a prison ; 't is the reward of friendship.

Bev. Perish mankind first—leave you to a prison ! no : fall'n as you see me, I'm not the wretch : no ;

would I change this heart, o'erchared as it is with folly and misfortune, for one most prudent and most happy, if callous to a friend's distress.

Stu. You are too warm.

Bev. In such a cause, not to be warm is to be frozen. Farewell; I'll meet you at your lodgings.

Stu. Reflect a little. The jewels may be lost. Better not hazard 'em—I was too pre-sing.

Bev. And I ungrateful. Reflection takes up time. I have no leisure for't. Within an hour expect me.

[*exit.*]

Stu. The thoughtless, shallow prodigal! we shall have sport at night, then—but hold—the jewels are not ours yet—the lady may refuse 'em—the husband may relent too—'tis more than probable—I'll write a note to Beverly, and the contents shall spur him to demand 'em—but am I grown this rogue through avarice? no; I have warmer motives, love and revenge—ruin the husband, and the wife's virtue may be bid for. " 'Tis of uncertain value, and sinks or rises in the purchase, as want or wealth, or passion governs. The poor part cheaply with it; rich daynes, though pleased with selling, will have high prices for't; your love-sick girls give it for oaths and lying: but tender wives, who boast of honour and affections, keep it against famine—why, let famine come, then; I am in haste to purchase."

Enter Bates.

Look to your men, Bates; there's money stirring. We meet to-night upon this spot; hasten, and tell 'em so. Beverly calls upon me at my lodgings, and we return together; hasten, I say, the rogues will scatter else.

Bates. Not till their leader bids 'em.

Stu. Come on, then, Give 'em the word and follow me; I must advise with you—this is a day of business.

[*exunt.*]

SCENE II.—CHANGES TO BEVERLY'S LODGINGS.

Enter Beverly and Charlotte.

Char. Your looks are changed too ; there's wildness in 'em. My wretched sister ! how will it grieve her to see you thus !

Bev. No, no—a little rest will ease me. And for your Lewson's kindness to her, it has my thanks ; I have no more to give him.

Char. Yes ; a sister and her fortune. I trifle with him, and he complains—my looks, he says, are cold upon him. He thinks too——

Bev. That I have lost your fortune—he dares not think so.

Char. Nor does he—you are too quick at guessing. He cares not if you had. That care is mine—I lent it you to husband, and now I claim it.

Bev. You have suspicions, then ?

Char. Cure 'em, and give it me.

Bev. To stop a sister's chidings ?

Char. To vindicate her brother.

Bev. How if he need no vindication ?

Char. I would fain hope so.

Bev. Ay, would and cannot. Leave it to time, then ; 'twill satisfy all doubts.

Char. Mine are already satisfied.

Bev. 'Tis well ; and when the subject is renewed, speak to me like a sister, and I will answer like a brother.

Char. To tell me I'm a beggar. Why tell it now ; I, that can bear the ruin of those dearer to me, the ruin of a sister and her infant, can bear that too.

Bev. No more of this—you wring my heart.

Char. Would that the misery were all your own ! but innocence must suffer—unthinking rioter ! whose home was heaven to him ; an angel dwelt there and a little,

cherub, that crowned his days with blessings. How he has lost his heaven to league with devils!

Bep. Forbear, I say; reproaches come too late; they search, but cure not: and for the fortune you demand, we'll talk to-morrow on't; our tempers may be milder.

Char. Or, if 'tis gone, why farewell all. I claimed it for a sister. "She holds my heart in hers; and every pang she feels tears it in pieces"—but I'll upbraid no more. What heaven permits perhaps it may ordain; "and sorrow then is sinful." Yet that the husband! father! brother! should be its instruments of vengeance!—'tis grievous to know that.

Rev. If you're my sister, spare the remembrance—it wounds too deeply. To-morrow shall clear all; and when the worst is known, it may be better than your fears. Comfort my wife, and for the pains of absence, I'll make atonement. The world may yet go well with us.

Char. See where she comes!—look cheerfully upon her—affections such as hers are prying, and lend those eyes that read the soul.

Enter Mrs. Beverly and Lewson.

Mrs. Bev. My life!

Bep. My love! how fares it? I have been a truant husband.

Mrs. Bev. But we meet now, and that heals all—doubts and alarms I have had; but in this dear embrace I bury and forget 'em. My friend here (*pointing to Lewson*) has been indeed a friend. Charlotte, 'tis you must thank him: your brother's thanks and mine are of too little value.

Bep. Yet what we have we'll pay. I thank you, sir, and am obliged. I would say more, but that your goodness to the wife upbraid the husband's follies.—Had I been wise she had not trespassed on your bounty.

Lew. Nor has she trespassed. The little I have done, acceptance overpays.

Char. So friendship thinks—

Mrs. Bev. And doubles obligations by striving to conceal 'em—we'll talk another time on't—you are too thoughtful, love.

Bev. No, I have reason for these thoughts.

Char. And hatred for the cause—would you had that too!

Bev. I have—the cause was avarice.

Char. And who the tempter?

Bev. A ruin'd friend—ruined by too much kindness.

Lew. Ay, worse than ruined: stabbed in his fame, mortally stabbed—riches can't cure him.

Bev. Or if they could, those I have drained him of. Something of this he hinted in the morning—that Lewson had suspicions of him—why these suspicions?

(angrily.)

Lew. At school we knew this Stukely. A cunning, plodding boy he was, sordid and cruel, slow at his task, but quick at shifts and tricking. He schemed out mischief, that others might be punished; and would tell his tale with so much art, that for the lash he merited, rewards and praise were given him. Show me a boy with such a mind, and time that ripens manhood in him, shall ripen vice too—I'll prove him, and lay him open to you—till then be warned—I know him, and therefore shun him.

Bev. As I would those that wrong him. You are too busy, sir.

Mrs. Bev. No, not too busy—mistaken, perhaps—that had been milder.

Lew. No matter, madam; I can bear this, and praise the heart that prompts it—pity such friendship should be so placed!

Bev. Again, sir! but I'll bear it too—you wrong him, and will be sorry for't.

Lew. Ay, when 'tis proved he wrongs him. The world is full of hypocrites.

Bev. And Stukely one—so you would infer, I think.

I'll hear no more of this—my heart aches for him—I have undone him.

Lew. The world says otherwise.

Bev. The world is false, then—I have business with you, love. (*to Mrs. Bev.*) We'll leave 'em to their ran-cour. (*going.*)

Char. No; we shall find room within for't. Come this way, sir. (*to Lewson.*)

Lew. Another time my friend will thank me; that time is hastening too. [*exeunt Lewson and Char.*]

Bev. They hurt me beyond bearing—is Stukely false? then honesty has left us! 'twere sinning against heaven to think so.

Mrs. Bev. I have never doubted him.

Bev. No: you are charity. Meekness and ever-during patience live in that heart, and love that knows no change. Why did I ruin you.

Mrs. Bev. You have not ruin'd me. I have no wants when you are present, nor wishes in your absence but to be blessed with your return. Be but resign'd to what has happened, and I am rich beyond the dreams of avarice.

Bev. My generous girl!—but memory will be busy; still crowding on my thoughts, to sour the present by the past. I have another pang too.

Mrs. Bev. Tell it, and let me cure it.

Bev. That friend—that generous friend, whose fame they have traduced—I have undone him too. While he had means he lent me largely; and now a prison must be his portion.

Mrs. Bev. No; I hope otherwise.

Bev. To hope must be to act. The charitable wish feeds not the hungry—something must be done.

Mrs. Bev. What?

Bev. In bitterness of heart he told me, just now he told me, I had undone him. Could I hear that, and think of happiness? no: I have disclaimed it while he is miserable.

Mrs. Bev. The world may mend with us, and then we may be grateful. There's comfort in that hope.

Bev. Ay; 'tis the sick man's cordial, his promised cure! while in preparing it the patient dies. What now?

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. A letter, sir. *(delivers it and exit.*

Bev. The hand is Stukely's.

(opens it and reads it to himself.

Mrs. Bev. And brings good news—at least, I hope so—what says he, love?

Bev. Why, this—too much for patience. Yet he directs me to conceal it from you. *(reads*

Let your haste to see me be the only proof of your esteem for me. I have determined, since we parted, to bid adieu to England: choosing rather to forsake my country, than to owe my freedom in it, to the means we have talked of. Keep this a secret at home, and hasten to the ruined *R. STUKELY.*

Ruined by friendship!—I must relieve or follow him.

Mrs. Bev. Follow him, did you say? then I am lost indeed.

Bev. O, this infernal vice! how it has sunk me! A vice, whose highest joy was poor to my domestic happiness. Yet how have I pursued it! turn'd all my comforts to bitterest pangs, and all my smiles to tears.—Damn'd, damn'd infatuation!

Mrs. Bev. Be cool, my life! what are the means the letter talks of? have you—have I those means? tell me, and ease me. I have no life while you are wretched.

Bev. No, no; it must not be. 'Tis I alone have sinned; 'tis I alone must suffer. You shall reserve those means to keep my child and his wronged mother from want and wretchedness.

Mrs. Bev. What means?

Bev. I came to rob you of 'em—but cannot—dare not—those jewels are your sole support—I should be more than monster to request 'em.

Mrs. Bev. My jewels? trifles, not worth the speaking of, if weighed against a husband's peace; but let 'em purchase that, and the world's wealth is of less value.

Bev. Amazing goodness! how little do I seem before such virtues!

Mrs. Bev. No more, my love. I kept 'em till occasion called to use 'em; now is the occasion, and I'll resign 'em cheerfully.

Bev. Why, we'll be rich in love, then. "But this excess of kindness, melts me. Yet for a friend one would do much—he has denied me nothing."

Mrs. Bev. Come to my closet—but let him manage wisely. We have no more to give him.

Bev. Where learnt my love this excellence? "'tis heaven's own teaching; that heaven, which, to an angel's form, has given a mind more lovely." I am unworthy of you, but will deserve you better.

Henceforth my follies and neglects shall cease,
And all to come be penitence and peace;
Vice shall no more attract me with her charms,
Nor pleasure teach me, but in these dear arms.

[*exunt.*]

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

STUKELY'S LODGINGS.

Enter Stukely and Bates.

Stu. So runs the world, Bates. Fools are the natural prey of knaves; nature designed them so, when she made lambs for wolves. The laws that fear and policy have framed, nature disclaims: she knows but two, and those are force and cunning. The nobler law is force; but then there's danger in't; while cunning, like a skilful miner, works safely and unseem.

Bates. And therefore wisely. Force must have nerves and sinews; cunning wants neither. The dwarf that has it shall trip the giant's heels up.

Stu. And bind him to the ground. Why, we'll erect a shrine for nature, and be her oracles. Conscience is weakness; fear made it, and fear maintains it. The dread of shame, inward reproaches, and fictitious burnings swell on the phantom. Nature knows none of this; her laws are freedom.

Bates. Sound doctrine, and well delivered.

Stu. We are sincere too, and practise what we teach. Let the grave pedant say as much. But now to business—the jewels are disposed of; and Beverly again worth money. He waits to count his gold out, and then comes hither. Go to your lodgings, and be busy; you understand conveyances, and can make ruin sure.

Bates. Better stop here. The sale of this reversion may be talked of—there's danger in it.

Stu. No, 'tis the mark I aim at. We'll thrive and

laugh. You are the purchaser, and there's the pay. (*giving him a pocket-book*) He thinks you rich; and so you shall be. Inquire for titles, and deal hardly; 'twill look like honesty.

Bates. How if he suspects us?

Stu. Leave it to me. I study hearts, and when to work upon them. Go to your lodgings; and if we come, be busy over papers—talk of a thoughtless age, of gaming and extravagance; you have a face for't.

Bates. A feeling, too, that would avoid it. We push too far; but I have cautioned you. If it ends ill, you'll think of me—and so adieu. [*exit.*]

Stu. This fellow sins by halves; his fears are conscience to him—I'll turn those fears to use. Rogues that dread shame, will still be greater rogues to hide their guilt—this will be thought of. Lewson grows troublesome—we must get rid of him—he knows too much. I have a tale for Beverly: part of it truth, too—he shall call Lewson to account—if it succeeds 'tis well; if not, we must try other means. But here he comes—I must dissemble.

Enter Beverly

Look to the door there! (*in a seeming fright*) My friend—I thought of other visitors.

Bev. No; these shall guard you from them. (*offering notes*) Take them, and use them cautiously—the world deals hardly by us.

Stu. And shall I leave you destitute? no; your wants are the greatest. Another climate may treat me kinder. The shelter of to-night takes me from this.

Bev. Let these be your support, then—yet is there need of parting? I may have means again; we'll share them, and live wisely.

Stu. No: I should tempt you on. Habit is nature in me; ruin can't cure it. Even now I would be gaining. Taught by experience as I am, and knowing this poor sum is all that's left us, I am for venturing still—and say I am to blame; yet will this little supply our wants.

no, we must put it out to usury. Whether 'tis madness in me, or some restless impulse of good fortune, I yet am ignorant ; but —

Rev. Take it, and succeed then. I'll try no more.

Stu. 'Tis surely impulse, it pleads so strongly ; but you are cold—we'll c'en part here, then. And for this last reserve, keep it for better uses ; I'll have none on't. I thank you, though, and will seek fortune singly. On'thing I had forgot—

Rev. What is it ?

Stu. Perhaps 'twere best forgotten. But I am open in my nature, and zealous for the honour of my friend—Lewson speaks freely of you.

Rev. Of you I know he does.

Stu. I can forgive him for't ; but, for my friend, I'm angry.

Rev. What says he of me ?

Stu. That Charlotte's fortune is embezzled—he talks on't loudly.

Rev. He shall be silenced then. How heard you of it ?

Stu. From many. He questioned Bates about it.—You must account with him, he says.

Rev. Or he with me—and soon, too.

Stu. Speak mildly to him. Cautions are best.

Rev. I'll think on't. But whither go you ?

Stu. From poverty and prisons—no matter whither. If fortune changes, you may hear from me.

Rev. May these be prosperous, then. (*offering the notes, which he refuses*) Nay, they are yours—I have sworn it, and will have nothing—take them and use them.

Stu. Singly I will not. My cares are for my friend ; for his lost fortune, and ruined family. All separate interests I disclaim. Together we have fallen ; together we must rise. My heart, my honour, and affections, all will have it so.

Rev. I am weary of being fooled

Stu. And so am I—here let us part, then—these bodings of good fortune shall all be stifled ; I'll call them folly and forget them—this one embrace, and then farewell.

(offering to embrace.)

Rev. No ; stay a moment—how my poor heart's distracted ! I have these bodings too ; but whether caught from you, or prompted by my good or evil genius, I know not—the trial shall determine—and yet, my wife—

Stu. Ay, ay, she'll chide.

Rev. No ; my childings are all here.

(pointing to his heart.)

Stu. I'll not persuade you.

Rev. I am persuaded ; by reason too—the strongest reason, necessity. Oh, could I but regain the height I have fallen from, heaven should forsake me in my latest hour, if I again mixed in these scenes, or sacrificed the husband's peace, his joy and best affections, to avarice and infamy.

Stu. I have resolved like you ; and since our motives are so honest, why should we fear success ?

Rev. Come on, then—where shall we go ?

Stu. To Wilson's—yet if it hurts you, leave me : I have misled you often.

Rev. We have misled each other—but come ! fortune is fickle, and may be tired with plaguing us—there let us rest our hopes.

Stu. Yet think a little—

Rev. I cannot—thinking but distracts me.

When desperation leads, all thoughts are vain ;
Reason would lose what rashness may obtain.

(exunt.)

SCENE II—CHANGED TO BEVERLY'S LODGINGS.

Enter Mrs. Beverly and Charlotte.

Char. 'Twas all a scheme, a mean one: unworthy of my brother.

Mrs. Bev. No, I am sure it was not—Stukely is too nest too; I know he is. This madness has undone them both.

Char. My brother is irrecoverably—you are too spiritless a wife—a mournful tale, mixed with a few kind words, will steal away your soul. The world's too subtle for such goodness. Had I been by, he should have asked your life sooner than those jewels.

Mrs. Bev. He should have had it, then. (*warmly*) I live but to oblige him. She who can love, and is beloved like me, will do as much. Men have done more for mistresses, and women for a base deluder; and shall a wife do less? Your chidings hurt me, Charlotte.

Char. And come too late; they might have saved you else. How could he use you so?

Mrs. Bev. 'Twas friendship did it. His heart was breaking for a friend.

Char. The friend that has betrayed him.

Mrs. Bev. Pri'thee, don't think so.

Char. To-morrow he accounts with me.

Mrs. Bev. And fairly—I will not doubt it.

Char. Unless a friend has wanted—I have no patience.——Sister, sister! we are bound to curse this friend.

Mrs. Bev. My Beverly speaks nobly of him.

Char. And Lewson truly—but I displease you with this talk: to-morrow will instruct us.

Mrs. Bev. Stay till it comes then—I would not think so hardly.

Char. Nor I, but from conviction; yet we have hopes

of better days. My uncle is infirm, and of an age that threatens hourly; or if he lives, you never have offended him; and for distresses so unmerited he will have pity.

Mrs. Bev. I know it, and am cheerful. We have no more to lose; and for what's gone, if it bring prudence home, the purchase was well made.

Char. My Lewson will be kind too. While he and I have life and means, you shall divide with us. And see, he's here.

Enter Lewson.

We were just speaking of you

Lew. 'Tis best to interrupt you, then. Few characters will bear a scrutiny; and where the bad outweighs the good, he's safest that's least talked of. What say you, madam? *(to Charlotte.)*

Char. That I hate scandal, though a woman—therefore talk seldom of you.

Mrs. Bev. Or, with more truth, that, though a woman, she loves to praise—therefore talks always of you. I'll leave you to decide it. *[exit.]*

Lew. How good and amiable! I came to talk in private with you, of matters that concern you.

Char. What matters?

Lew. First, answer me sincerely to what I ask.

Char. I will—but you alarm me.

Lew. I am too grave, perhaps; but be assured of this, I have no news that troubles me, and therefore should not you.

Char. I am easy, then—propose your question.

Lew. 'Tis now a tedious twelve-month since with an open and kind heart you said you loved me.

Char. So tedious, did you say?

Lew. And when, in consequence of such sweet words, I pressed for marriage, you gave a voluntary promise that you would live for me.

Char. You think me chang'd, then? *(angrily.)*

Lew. I did not say so. A thousand times I have

pressed for the performance of this promise ; but private cares, a brother's and a sister's ruin were reason for delaying it.

Char. I had no other reasons. Where will this end.

Lew. It shall end presently.

Char. Go on, sir,

Lew. A promise, such as this, given freely, not extorted, the world thinks binding ; but I think otherwise.

Char. And would you release me from it ?

Lew. You are too impatient, in a man.

Char. Cool, sir—quite cool—pray go on.

Lew. Time, and a near acquaintance with my faults may have brought change—if it be so ; or for a moment, if you have wished this promise were unmade, here I acquit you of it. This is my question, then ; and with such plainness as I ask it, I shall intreat an answer. Have you repented of this promise ?

Char. Stay, sir. The man that can suspect me, shall find me changed—why am I doubted ?

Lew. My doubts are of myself. I have my faults, and you have observation. If, from my temper, my words or actions, you have conceived a thought against me, or even a wish for separation, all that has passed is nothing.

Char. You startle me—but tell me—I must be answered first. Is it from honour you speak this ? or do you wish me changed ?

Lew. Heaven knows I do not. Life and my Charlotte are so connected, that to lose one is the loss of both. Yet for a promise though given in love, and meant for binding ; if time, or accident, or reason should change opinion—with me that promise has no force.

Char. Why, now I'll answer you. Your doubts are prophetic—I am really changed.

Lew. Indeed !

Char. I could torment you now, as you have me; but it is not in my nature—that I'm chang'd, I own; for that at first was inclination, is now grown reason in me; and from that reason, had I the world; nay, were poorer than the poorest, and you, too, wanting bread, with but a hovel to invite me, to—I would be yours, and nappy.

Lew. My kindest Charlotte! (*taking her hand*) thanks are too poor for this, and words too weak! but if we love so, why should our union be delayed?

Char. For happier times! the present are too wretched.

Lew. I may have reasons to press it now.

Char. What reasons?

Lew. The strongest reasons; unanswerable ones.

Char. Be quick and name them.

Lew. No, madam; I am bound in honour to make conditions first—I am bound by inclination too. This sweet profusion of kind words pains while it pleases. I dread the losing you.

Char. Astonishment! what mean you?

Lew. First promise that to-morrow, or the next day, you will be mine for ever.

Char. I do—though misery should succeed.

Lew. Thus, then, I seize you! and with you every joy on this side heaven!

Char. And thus I seal my promise! (*embracing him*) Now, sir, your secret?

Lew. Your fortune's lost!

Char. My fortune lost!—I'll study to be humble, then. But was my promise claimed for this? how nobly generous! where learned you this sad news?

Lew. From Bates, Stukely's prime agent. I have obliged him, and he's grateful—he told it me in friendship, to warn me from my Charlotte.

Char. 'Twas honest in him, and I'll esteem him for it.

Lew. He knows much more than he has told.

Char. For me it is enough. And for your generous love, I thank you, from my soul. If you'd oblige me more, give me a little time.

Lew. Why time? it robs us of our happiness.

Char. I have a task to learn first. The little pride this fortune gave me must be subdued. Once we were equal, and might have met obliging and obliged. But now 'tis otherwise; and for a life of obligations, I ~~have~~ not learned to bear it.

Lew. Mine is that life. You are too noble.

Char. Leave me to think on't.

Lew. To-morrow, then, you'll fix my happiness?

Char. All that I can I will.

Lew. It must be so; we live but for each other.—Keep what you know a secret; and when we meet to-morrow, more may be known. Farewell. *[exit.]*

Char. My poor, poor sister! how would this wound her! but I'll conceal it, and speak comfort to her. *[exit.]*

SCENE III—CHANGES TO THE ROOM IN THE GAMING-

Enter Beverly and Stukely.

Bev. Whither would you lead me?

Stu. Where we may vent our curses.

Bev. Ay, on yourself, and those damned counsels that have destroyed me. A thousand fiends were in that bosom, and all let loose to tempt me—I had resisted else.

Stu. Go on, sir—I have deserved this from you.

Bev. And curses everlasting—time is too scanty for them.

Stu. What have I done?

Bev. What the arch devil of old did—soothed with false hopes, for certain ruin.

Stu. Myself unhurt; nay, pleased at your destruction; so your words mean. Why, tell it to the world. I am too poor to find a friend in't.

Rev. A friend! what's he? I had a friend.

Stu. And have one still.

Rev. Ay, I'll tell you of this friend. He found me happiest of the happy. Fortune and honour crowned him, and love and peace lived in my heart. One spark of folly lurked there! that, too, he found; and by deceitful breath blew into flames that have consumed me. 'Tis this friend were you to me.

Stu. A little more, perhaps—the friend who gave his all to save you; and not succeeding, chose ruin with you. But no matter, I have undone you, and am a villain.

Rev. No; I think not—the villains are within.

Stu. What villains?

Rev. Dawson and the rest. We have been dupes to sharpers.

Stu. How know you this? I have had doubts as well as you; yet still as fortune changed I blushed at my own thoughts. But you have proof perhaps.

Rev. Ay, damned ones. Repeated losses—night after night, and no reverse—chance has no hand in this.

Stu. I think more charitably; yet I am peevish in my nature, and apt to doubt—the world speaks fairly of this Dawson, so it does of the rest. We have watched them closely, too. But 'tis a right usurped by losers to think the winners knaves—we'll have more manhood in us.

Rev. I know not what to think. This night has stung me to the quick—blasted my reputation too—I have bound my honour to these yipers; played meanly upon credit, till I tired them; and now they shun me to rifle one another. What's to be done?

Stu. Nothing. My counsels have been fatal.

Rev. By heaven I'll not survive this shame—traitor!

'tis you, have brought it on me. (*taking hold of him*) Show me the means to save me, or I'll commit a murder here on you, and next upon myself.

Stu. Why do it then, and rid me of ingratitude.

Bev. Prithee forgive this language—I speak I know not what—rage and despair are in my heart, and hurry me to madness. My home is horror to me—I'll not return to it. Speak quickly; tell me, if in this wreck of fortune, one hope remains? name it, and be my oracle.

Stu. To vent your curses on—you have bestowed them liberally. Take your own counsel; and should a desperate hope present itself, 'twill suit your desperate fortune. I'll not advise you.

Bev. What hope? by heaven I'll catch at it, however desperate. I am so sunk in misery, it cannot lay me lower.

Stu. You have an uncle.

Bev. Ay, what of him?

Stu. Old men live long by temperance; while their heirs starve on expectation.

Bev. What mean you?

Stu. That the reversion of his estate is yours; and will bring money to pay debts with—nay more, it may retrieve what's past.

Bev. Or leave my child a beggar.

Stu. And what's his father? a dishonourable one; engaged for sums he cannot pay—that should be thought of.

Bev. It is my shame—the poison that inflames me. Where shall we go? to whom? I am impatient till all's lost.

Stu. All may be yours again—your man is Bates—he has large funds at his command, and will deal justly by you.

Bev. I am resolved—tell them within we'll meet them presently; and with full purses, too—come follow me.

Stu. No. I'll have no hand in this; nor do I counsel it—use your discretion, and act from that. You'll find me at my lodgings.

Ber. Succeed what will, this night I'll dare the worst

'Tis loss of fear, to be completely curst. [*exit Ber.*]

Stu. Why lose it then for ever—fear is the mind's worst evil; and 'tis a friendly office to drive it from the bosom—thus far has fortune crowned me—yet Beverly is rich, rich in his wife's best treasure—her honour and affections. I would supplant him there too. But 'tis the curse of thinking minds to raise up difficulties. Fools only conquer women—fearless of dangers which they see not, they press on boldly, and by persisting prosper. Yet may a tale of art do much good—Charlotte is sometimes absent. The seeds of jealousy are sown already.—if I mistake not, they have taken root too. Now is the time to ripen them, and reap the harvest. The softest of her sex, if wronged in love, or thinking that she's wronged, becomes a tigress in revenge—I'll instantly to Beverly's—no matter for the danger—when beauty leads us on, 'tis indiscretion to reflect, and cowardice to doubt.

[*exit.*]

SCENE IV—CHANGE TO BEVERLY'S LODGINGS.

Enter Mrs Beverly and Lucy.

Mrs. Ber. Did Charlotte tell you any thing?

Lucy. No, madam.

Mrs. B. She look'd confused, methought; said she had business with her Lewson, which, when I pressed to know, tears only were her answer.

Lucy. She seemed in haste, too—yet her return may bring you comfort.

Mrs. Ber. No, my kind girl: I was not born for't

—but why do I distress thee? thy sympathising heart bleeds for the ills of others—what pity that thy mistress can't reward thee! but there's a power above, that sees, and will remember all.—“Prithee soothe me with the song thou sungest last night. It suits this change of fortune; and there's a melancholy in't that pleases me.”

“*Lucy.* I fear it hurts you, madam. Your goodness, too, draws tears from me—but I'll dry them, and obey you.”

“When Damon languished at my feet,
And I believed him true,
The moments of delight how sweet!
But, ah! how swift they flew!

“The sunny hill, the flow'ry vale,
The garden and the grove,
Have echo'd to his ardent tale,
And vows of endless love.

“The conquest gain'd, he left his prize,
He left her to complain,
To talk of joy with weeping eyes,
And measure time by pain

“But heaven will take the mourner's part,
In pity to despair;
And the last sigh that rends the heart,
Shall waft the spirit there.

“*Mrs. Bev.* I thank thee, Lucy; I thank heaven, too, my griefs are none of these.” Yet Stukely deals in hints; he talks of remours; I'll urge him to speak plainly “*knocking*; Hark! there's some one enter-
ing.”

Lucy. Perhaps 'tis my master, madam. [exit.

Mrs Bev. Let him be well, too, and I am satisfied.
(goes to the door and listens) No, 'tis another's voice.
his had been music to me Who is it, Lucy?

Re-enter Lucy with Stukely.

Lucy. Mr. Stukely, madam. [exit.

Stu. To meet you thus alone, madam, was what I wished. Unseasonable visits, when friendship wants them, need no excuse—therefore I make none.

Mrs Bev. What mean you, sir? and where is your friend?

Stu. Men may have secrets, madam, which their best friends are not admitted to. We parted in the morning not soon to meet again.

Mrs Bev. You mean to leave us, then, to leave your country too. I am no stranger to your reasons, and pity your misfortunes.

Stu. Your pity has undone you. Could Beverly do this? that letter was a false one; a mean contrivance to rob you of your jewels—I wrote it not.

Mrs Bev. Impossible! whence came it then?

Stu. Wrong'd as I am, madam, I must speak plainly.

Mrs Bev. Do so, and ease me. Your hints have troubled me. Reports, you say, are stirring—reports of whom? you wished me not to credit them. What, sir, are these reports?

Stu. I thought them slander, madam; and cautioned you to friendship lest from officious tongues the tale had reached you with double aggravation.

Mrs Bev. Proceed, sir.

Stu. It is a debt due to my fame; due to an injured wife too—we are both injured.

Mrs Bev. How injured? and who has injured us?

Stu. My friend, your husband.

Mrs Bev. You would resent for both, then—but know, sir, my injuries are my own, and do not need a champion.

THE GAMESTER,

ACT III,

Stu. Be not too hasty, madam: I come not in resentment, but for acquittance. You thought me poor; and to the feigned distresses of a friend gave up your jewels.

Mrs. Bev. I gave them to a husband.

Stu. Who gave them to a ——

Mrs. Bev. What, whom did he give them to?

Stu. A mistress.

Mrs. Bev. No, on my life, he did not.

Stu. Himself confessed it, with curses on her avarice.

Mrs. Bev. I'll not believe it—he has no mistress; or if he has, why is it told to me?

Stu. To guard you against insults. He told me, that, to move you to compliance, he forged that letter, pretending I was ruined, ruined by him too. The fraud succeeded, and what a trusting wife bestowed in pity, was lavished on a wanton.

Mrs. Bev. Then I am lost indeed! and my afflictions are too powerful for me. His follies have borne without upbraiding, and saw the approach of poverty without a tear——my affections, my strong affections, supported me through every trial.

Stu. Be patient, madam.

Mrs. Bev. Patient! the barbarous, ungrateful man! and does he think that the tenderness of my heart is his best security for wounding it? but he shall find that injuries such as these, can arm my weakness for vengeance and redress.

Stu. Ha! then I may succeed. (*aside*) Redress is in your power.

Mrs. Bev. What redress?

Stu. Forgive me, madam, if in my zeal to serve you, I hazard your displeasure. Think of your wretched state. Already want surrounds you—is't in patience to bear that? to see your helpless little one robbed of his birth-right? a sister, too, with unavailing tears lamenting her lost fortune? no comfort left

you, but ineffectual pity from the few, outweigh'd by
 insults from the many.

Mrs. Bev. Am I so lost a creature?—well, sir,
 my redress?

Stu. To be resolved is to secure it. The marriage
 vow, once violated, is, in the sight of heaven, dis-
 solved—tart not, but hear me 'tis now the summer
 of your youth: time has not crop'd the roses from your
 cheek, tho' sorrow long has washed them—then use
 your beauty wisely and freed by injuries, fly from the
 cruelest of men, for shelter with the kindest.

Mrs. Bev. And who is he?

Stu. A friend to the unfortunate—a bold one too,
 who, while the storm is bursting on your brow, and
 lightning flashing from your eyes, dares tell you that
 he loves you

Mrs. Bev. Would that these eyes had heaven's own
 lightning, that with a look I might blast thee—am I
 then fallen so low? has poverty so bumbled me, that
 I should listen to a hellish offer and sell my soul for
 bread—oh, villain villain! but now I know thee, and
 thank thee for the knowledge.

Stu. If you are wise, you shall have cause to thank
 me

Mrs. Bev. An injured husband, too, shall thank
 thee.

Stu. Yet know proud woman, I have a heart as
 stubborn as your own: as haughty and imperious;
 and as it loves, so can it hate.

Mrs. Bev. Mean, despicable villain! I scorn thee
 and thy threats. Was it for this that Beverly's false?
 that his too credulous wife should, in despair and
 vengeance, give up her honour to a wretch? but he
 shall know it, and vengeance shall be his.

Stu. Why send him for defiance then. Tell him I
 love his wife; but that a worthless husband forbids
 our union. I'll make a widow of you, and court you
 honourably

Mrs. Bev. Oh, coward, coward! thy soul will shrink at him. Yet, at the thought of what may happen, I feel a woman's fears. Keep thy own secret, and be gone. Who's there?

Enter Lucy.

Your absence, sir, would please me.

Stu. I'll not offend you, madam.

[Exit Stukely with Lucy.]

Mrs. Bev. Why opens not the earth to swallow such a monster! be conscience, then his punisher, till heaven, in mercy, gives him penitence, or dooms him in his justice.

Re-enter Lucy.

Come to my chamber, Lucy; I have a tale to tell thee, shall make thee weep for thy poor mistress.

Yet Heaven the guiltless sufferer regards;
And whom it most afflicts it most rewards.

[exunt.]

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

BEVERLY'S LODGINGS.

Enter Mrs. Beverly, Charlotte, and Lewson.

Char. The smooth'd-tongu'd hypocrite!

Lew. But we found him, and will requite him—
be cheerful, madam; *(to Mrs. Bev.)* and for the insults of this ruffian you shall have ample retribution.

Mrs. Bev. But not by violence—remember you have sworn it; I had been silent else.

Lew. You need not doubt me: I shall be as cool as patience.

Mrs. Bev. See him to-morrow, then

Lew. And why not now? by heaven the veriest worm that crawls is made of braver spirit than this Stukely—yet, for my promise, I'll deal gently with him—I mean to watch his looks—from those, and from his answers to my charge, much may be learnt. Next I'll to Bates, and sift him to the bottom, if I fail there, the gang is numerous, and for a bribe will each betray the other—good night; I'll lose no time. [*exit.*]

Mrs. Bev. These boisterous spirits, how they wound me! but reasoning is in vain. Come, Charlotte, we'll to our usual watch. The night grows late.

Char. I am fearful of events; yet pleased. To-morrow may relieve us [*going.*]

Enter Jarvis.

How now, good Jarvis?

Jar. I have heard ill news, madam.

Mrs. Bev. What news? speak quickly.

Jar. Men are not what they seem. I fear me Mr. Stukely is dishonest

Char. We know it, Jarvis. But what's your news?

Jar. That there's an action against my master, at his friend's suit.

Mrs. Bev. Oh, villain, villian! 'twas this he threatened. then Run to that den of robbers, Wilson's—your master may be there Intreat him home, good Jarvis Say I have business with him—but tell him not of Stukely—it may provoke him to revenge—haste, haste, good Jarvis [*exit Jar.*]

Char. This minister of hell! oh, I could tear him piecemeal!

Mrs. Bev. I am sick of such a world—yet heaven is just; and, in his own good time, will hurl destruction on such monsters [*exit.*]

SCENE II.—STUKELY'S LODGINGS.

*Enter Stukely and Bates meeting**Bates.* Where have you been?*Stu.* Fooling my time away; playing my tricks, like a tame monkey, to entertain a woman—no matter where—I have been vexed and disappointed—Tell me of Beverly: how bore he his last shock?*Bat.* Like one, so Dawson says, whose senses had been b'd with misery. When all was lost, he cast his eyes upon the ground, and stood sometime with folded arms, stupid and motionless; then snatching his sword that hung against the wainscoat, he sat him down, and, with a look of fix'd attention, drew figures on the floor. At last he started up, look'd wild, and trembled; and, like a woman, seized with her sex's fits, laughed out aloud, while the tears trickled down his face—so left the room.*Stu.* Why, this was madness.*Bates.* The madness of despair.*Stu.* We must confine him then. A prison would do well (*knocking*) Hark! that knocking may be his. Go that way down. [*Exit Bates*]
—Who's there?*Enter Lewson.**Lew.* An enemy—an open and avowed one.*Stu.* Why am I thus broken in upon? this house is mine, sir; and should protect me from insult and ill manners.*Lew.* Guilt has no place of sanctuary; wherever found, 'tis virtue's lawful game. The fox's hold and tiger's den are no security against the hunter.*Stu.* Your business, sir?*Lew.* To tell you that I know you—why this confusion? that look of guilt and terror? is Beverly awake or has his wife told tales? The man that dares like

you, should have a soul to justify his deeds, and courage to confront accusers: not, with a coward's fear, to shrink beneath reproof.

Stu. Who waits there? *(aloud and in confusion.*

Lew. By heavens he dies that interrupts us *(shutting the door)* You should have weighed your strength, sir; and, then, instead of climbing to high fortune, the world had marked you for what you are, a little paltry villain.

Stu. You think I fear you?

Lew. I know you fear me This is to prove it. *(pulls him by the sleeve)* You wanted privacy—a lady's presence took up your attention—now we are alone, sir. Why, what a wretch! *(flings him from him)* the vilest insect in creation will turn when trampled on: yet has this thing undone a man—by cunning and mean arts undone him But we have found you, sir: traced you through all your labyrinths If you would save yourself, fall to confession, no mercy shall be shewn else.

Stu. First prove me what you think me—till then, your threatenings are in vain—and, for this insult, vengeance may yet be mine.

Lew. Infamous coward! why take it now then—*(draws, and Stukely retires)* alas, I pity thee!—yet that a wretch like this should overcome a Beverly! it fills me with astonishment!—a wretch so mean of soul, that even desperation cannot animate him to look upon an enemy. You should not have thus soar'd, sir, unless, like others of your black profession, you had a sword to keep the fools in awe, your villainy has ruin'd.

Stu. Villany! 'twere best to curb this license of your tongue, for know, sir, while there are laws, this outrage on my reputation will not be borne with.

Lew. Laws! dar'st thou seek shelter from the laws, those laws which thou and thy infernal crew live in the constant violation of? talk'st thou of reputation too, when, under friendship's sacred name, thou hast betray'd, robbed, and destroyed?

Stu. Ay, rail at gaming; 'tis a rich topic, and affords noble déclamation. Go preach against it in the city; you'll find a congregation in every tavern. If they should laugh at you, fly to my lord, and sermonize, if there he'll thank you, and reform.

Lew. And will example sanctify a vice? no, wretch; the custom of my lord, or of the cit that apes him, cannot excuse a breach of law, or make the gamester's calling reputable.

Stu. Rail on, I say—but is this zeal for beggared Beverly? is it for him that I am treated thus? no; he and his wife might both have groined in prison, had but the sister's fortune escaped the wreck, to have rewarded the disinterested love of honest Mr. Lewson.

Lew. How I detest thee for the thought! but thou art lost to every human feeling. Yet let me tell thee, and may it wring thy heart, that though my friend is ruined by thy snare, thou hast unknowingly been kind to me.

Stu. Have I? it was, indeed, unknowingly.

Lew. Thou hast assisted me in love. given me the merit that I wanted; since, but for thee, my Charlotte had not known 'twas her dear self I sigh'd for, and not her fortune.

Stu. I thank me, and take her then.

Lew. And as a brother to poor Beverly, I will pursue the robber that has stript him, and snatch him from his gripe.

Stu. Then know, imprudent man, he is within my gripe; and should my friendship for him be slandered once again, the hand that has supplied him, shall fall and crush him.

Lew. Why, now, there's spirit in thee! this is indeed to be a villain! but I shall reach thee yet—fly where, thou wilt, my vengeance shall pursue thee—and Beverly shall yet be saved; be saved from thee, thou monster! nor owe his rescue to his wife's dishonour. [*Exit*]

Stu. (pausing) Then ruin has enclosed me. Curse on my coward heart! I would be bravely villainous; but 'tis my nature to shrink at danger, and he has found me. Yet fear brings caution, and that security—more mischief must be done to hide the past—look to yourself. officious Lewson—there may be danger stirring—How, now, Bates?

Enter Bates.

Bates. What is the matter? 'twas Lewson and not Beverly. that left you—I heard him loud—you seem alarmed too.

Stu. Ay, and with reason—we are discovered.

Bates. I feared as much and therefore cautioned you. But you were peremptory.

Stu. Thus fools talk ever; spending their idle breath on what is past, and trembling at the future. We must be active. Beverly, at worst, is but suspicious; but Lewson's genius and his hate to me, will lay all open. Means must be found to stop him.

Bates. What means?

Stu. Despatch him—nay, start not—desperate occasions call for desperate deeds—we live but by his death.

Bates. You cannot mean it.

Stu. I do, by heaven.

Bates. Good night, then.

(going.)

Stu. Stay. I must be heard, then answered. Perhaps the motion was too sudden and human weakness starts at murder, though strong necessity compels it. I have thought long of this, and my first feelings were like yours; a foolish conscience awed me, which soon I conquered. The man that would undo me, nature cries out, undo. Brutes know their foes by instinct: and where superior force is given, they use it for destruction. Shall man do less? Lewson pursues us to our ruin; and shall we, with the means to crush him, fly from our hunter, or turn and tear him? 'tis folly even to hesitate.

Bates. He has obliged me, and I dare not

Stu. Why, live to shame, then to beggary and punishment! You would be privy to the deed, yet want the soul to act it. Nay, more, had my designs been levelled at his fortune, you had stepped in the foremost—and what is life without its comforts? those you would rob him of, and, by a lingering death, add cruelty to murder. Henceforth adieu to half-made villains—there's danger in them—but you have got is yours—keep it and hide with it—I'll deal my future bounty to those that merit it.

Bates. What's the reward?

Stu. Equal division of our gains. I swear it, and will be just.

Bates. Think of the means then.

Stu. He's gone to Beverly's—wait for him in the street: 'tis a dark night, and fit for mischief. A dagger would be useful.

Bates. He sleeps no more.

Stu. Consider the reward. When the deed's done, I have farther business with you. Send Dawson to me.

Bates. Think it already done—and so farewell.

[*exit.*

Stu. Why, farewell Lewson, then? and farewell to my fears. This night secures me. I'll wait the event within.

[*exit.*

SCENE III—A STREET. STAGE DARKENED.

Enter Beverly.

Bev. How like an outcast do I wander! loaded with every curse that drives the soul to desperation—the midnight robber, as he walks his rounds, sees by the glimmering lamp my frantic looks, and dreads to meet me. Whither am I going? my home lies there, all that's dear on earth it holds too, yet are the gates of death more welcome to me—! I'll enter it no more—who passe:

there? 'tis Lewson—he meets me in a gloomy hour; and memory tells me he has been meddling with my fame.

Enter Lewson.

Lew. Beyerly! well met. I have been busy in your affairs

Rev. So I have heard, sir; and now must thank you as I ought

Lew. To-morrow I may deserve your thanks. Late as 't is, I go to Bates. Discoveries are making that an arch villain trembles at

Rev. Discoveries are made, sir, that you shall tremble at. Where is this boasted spirit, this high demeanour, that was to call me to account? you say I have wrong'd my sister—now say as much. But first be ready for defence, as I am for resentment* *draws.*

Lew. What mean you? I understand you not.

Rev. The coward's stale acquaintance, who, when he spreads foul calumny abroad, and dreads just vengeance on him, cries out, 'what mean you?' I understand not.

Lew. Coward and calumny! whence are those words? but I forgive and pity you.

Rev. Your pity had been kinder, to my fame. But you have traduced it, told a vile story to the public ear, that I have wrong'd my sister.

Lew. 'Tis false. Show me the man that dares accuse me.

Rev. I thought you brave, and of a soul superior to low malice; but I have found you, and will have vengeance. This is no place for argument

Lew. Nor shall it be for violence. Imprudent man! who, in revenge for fancied injuries, would pierce the heart that loves him. But honest friendship acts from itself, unmoved by slander, or ingratitude. The life you thirst for, shall be employed to serve you.

Rev. 'Tis thus you would compound then—first do a wrong beyond forgiveness, and, to redress it, load me with kindness unsolicited. I'll not receive it. Your deal is troublesome.

Lew. No matter. It shall be useful.

Rev. It will not be accepted.

Lew. "It must." You know me not.

Rev. Yes, for the slanderer of my fame; who, under show of friendship, arraigns me of injustice, buzzing in every ear foul breach of trust, and family dishonour.

Lew. Have I done this? who told you so?

Rev. The world—'tis talked of every where. It pleased you to add threats, too. You were to call me to account—why, do it now, then. I shall be proud of such an arbiter.

Lew. Put up your sword, and know me better. I never injured you. The base suggestion comes from Stukely: see him and his aims.

Rev. What aims? I'll not conceal it; 'twas Stukely that accused you.

Lew. To rid him of an enemy—perhaps of two. He fears discovery, and frames a tale of falsehood, to ground revenge and murder on.

Rev. I must have proof of this.

Lew. Wait till to-morrow, then.

Rev. I will.

Lew. Good night—I go to serve you—forget what's past, as I do, and cheer your family with smiles. To-morrow may confirm them, and make all happy. *[Exit.]*

Rev. *(pausing)* How vile and how absurd is man! his boasted honour is but another name for pride, which easier bears the consciousness of guilt, than the world's just reproofs. But 'tis the fashion of the times; and in defence of falsehood and false honour men die martyrs. I knew not that my nature was so bad. *(stands musing.)*

Enter Bates and Jarvis.

Jar. This way the noise was; and yonder's my poor master.

Bates. I heard him at high words with Lewsen. The cause I know not.

Jar. I heard him too. Misfortunes vex him.

A TRAGEDY.

Bates. Go to him, and lead him home. But he comes
this way——I'll not be seen by him [exit.]

Rev. (starting) What fellow's that? (*seeing Jarvis*)
Art thou a murderer, friend? come, lead the way; I
have a hand as mischievous as thine: a heart as des-
perate too—Jarvis! to bed, old man; the cold will chill
thee.

Jar. Why are you wandering at this late hour? your
sword drawn too?—for heaven sake sheathe it, sir—
the sight distracts me.

Rev. (wildly) Whose voice was that?

Jar. 'Twas mine, sir. Let me intreat you to give
the sword to me

Rev. Ay, take it—quickly take it—perhaps I am not
so curst, but heaven may have sent thee at this moment
to snatch me from perdition.

Jar. Then I am blest.

Rev. Continue so, and leave me: my sorrows are
contagious. No one is blest that's near me.

Jar. I came to seek you, sir

Rev. And now thou hast found me, leave me—my
thoughts are wild, and will not be disturbed.

Jar. Such thoughts are best disturbed.

Rev. I tell thee that they will not. Who sent thee
hither?

Jar. My weeping mistress.

Rev. Am I so meek a husband then, that a com-
manding wife prescribes my hours, and sends to chide
me for my absence?—I tell her I'll not return.

Jar. Those words would kill her

Rev. Kill her! would they not be kind, then. But
she shall live to curse me—I have deserved it of her.
Does she not hate me, Jarvis?

Jar. Alas, sir, forget your griefs, and let me lead you
to her! the streets are dangerous.

Rev. Be wise, and leave me, then. The night's black
horrors are suited to my thoughts—these stones shall be
my resting-place. (*lies down*) Here shall my soul brood

o'er its miseries, till with the fiends of hell, and guilty of the earth, I start and tremble at the morning's light.

Jar. For pity's sake, sir—upon my knees, I beg you to quit this place and these sad thoughts. Let patience, not despair, possess you—rise, I beseech you; there's not a moment of your absence that my poor mistress does not groan for.

Bev. Have I undone her, and is she still so kind; *(starting up)* it is too much—my brain can't hold it—oh, Jarvis! how desperate is that wretch's state, which only death or madness can relieve.

Jar. Appease his mind, good heaven, and give him resignation! Alas, sir, could beings in the other world perceive the events of this, how would your parents' blest spirits grieve for you even in heaven!—let me conjure you, by their honoured memories—by the sweet innocence of your yet helpless child, and by the ceaseless sorrows of my poor mistress, to rouse your reason, and struggle with these griefs.

Bev. Thou virtuous good old man! thy tears and thy entreaties have reached my heart, through all its miseries.

Jar. Be but resigned, sir, and happiness may yet be yours.

Bev. Prithce, be honest, and do not flatter misery.

Jar. I do not, sir." Hark! I hear voices. Come this way; we may reach home unnoticed.

Bev. "Well, lead me then." Unnoticed, didst thou say? alas, I dread no looks but of those wretches I have made at home! oh, had I listened to thy honest warnings no earthly blessings had been wanting to me! I was so happy, that even a wish for more than I possessed, was arrogant presumption. But I have warred against the power that blessed me: and now am forced to the hell I merit.

(Exeunt)

A TRAGEDY.

SCENE IV—STUKELY'S LODGINGS

• : • *Enter Stukely and Dawson.*

Stu. Come hither, Dawson. My limbs are on the rack, and my soul shivers in me, till this night's business be complete. Tell me thy thoughts; is Bates determined, or does he waver?

Daw. At first he seemed irresolute; wished the employment had been mine; and muttered curses on his coward hand, that trembled at the deed.

Stu. And did he leave you so?

Daw. No; we walked together, and, sheltered by the darkness, saw Beverly and Lewson in warm debate. But soon they cooled, and then I left them to hasten hither, but not till it was resolved Lewson should die.

Stu. Thy words have given me life. That quarrel too, was fortunate; for if my hopes deceive me not, it promises a grave to Beverly.

Daw. You misconceive me. Lewson and he were friends.

Stu. But my prolific brain shall make them enemies. If Lewson falls, he falls by Beverly. An upright jury shall decree it. Ask me no question; but do as I direct. This writ, (*takes out a pocket book*) for some days past, I have treasured here, till a convenient time called for its use. That time is come. Take it, and give it to an officer. It must be served this instant. (*gives a paper.*)

Daw. On Beverly!

Stu. Look at it. 'Tis for the sums that I have lent him.

Daw. Must he to prison, then?

Stu. I asked obedience, not replies. This night a gaol must be his lodgings. 'Tis probable he has not gone home yet. Wait at his door, and see it executed.

Daw. Upon a beggar? he has no means of payment.

Stu. ...

Stu. Dull and insensible! if Lewson dies, who was it that killed him! why, he that was seen quarrelling with him: and I, that know of Beverly's intents, arrested him in friendship—a little late, perhaps; but 'twas a virtuous act, and men will thank me for it. Now, sir, you understand me?

Daw. Most perfectly; and will about it.

Stu. Haste, then, and when 'tis done, come back and tell me.

Daw. Till then, farewell.

[*exit.*]

Stu. Now tell thy tale, fond wife! and Lewson, if again thou canst insult me, I'll kneel and own thee for my master.

Not avarice now, but vengeance fires my breast,
And one short hour must make me curst or blest.

[*exit.*]

ACT. THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

STUKELY'S LODGINGS.

Enter Stukely, Bates and Dawson.

Bates. Poor Lewson!—but I told you enough of him last night. The thought of him is horrible to me.

Stu. In the street, did you say?—and no one near him?

Bates. By his own door; he was leading me to his house. I pretended business with him, and stabbed him to the heart, while he was reaching at the bell.

Stu. And did he fall so suddenly?

Bates. The repetition pleases you, I see. I told you he fell without a groan.

Stu. What heard you of him this morning?

Bates. That the watch found him in their rounds, and alarmed the servants. I mingled with the crowd just now, and saw him dead in his own house—the sight terrified me.

Stu. Away with terrors, till his ghost rise and accuse us. We have no living enemy to fear, unless 'tis Beverly; and him we have lodged safe in prison.

Bates. Must he be murdered too?

Stu. No; I have a scheme to make the law his murderer. At what hour did Lewson fall?

Bates. The clock struck twelve as I turned to leave him. 'Twas a melancholy bell, I thought, tolling for his death.

Stu. The time was lucky for us—Beverly was arrested at once, you say? [to Dawson.

Daw. Exactly.

Stu. Good. We'll talk of this presently. The women were with him, I think.

Daw. And old Jarvis. I would have told you of them last night, but your thoughts were too busy. 'Tis well you have a heart of stone, the tale would melt it else.

Stu. Out with it, then.

Daw. I traced him to his lodgings; and, pretending pity for his misfortunes, kept the door open while the officers seized him. 'Twas a damn'd deed—but no matter—I followed my instructions.

Stu. And what said he?

Daw. He upbraided me with treachery, called you a villain, acknowledged the sums you had lent him, and submitted to his fortune.

Stu. And the women——

Daw. For a few minutes, astonishment kept them silent. They looked wildly at one another, while the tears streamed down their cheeks. But rage and fury soon gave them words; and then, in the very bitterness

of despair, they curst me, and the monster that had employed me.

Stu. And you bore it with philosophy?

Daw. Till the scene changed, and then I melted. I ordered the officers to take away their prisoner. The women shrieked, and would have followed him; but we forbade them. 'Twas then they fell upon their knees, the wife fainted, the sister raving, and both, with all the eloquence of misery endeavouring to soften us. I never felt compassion till that moment, and had the officers been moved like me, we had left the business undone, and fled with curses on ourselves. But their hearts were steeled by custom. The tears of beauty and the pangs of affection were beneath their pity. They tore him from their arms, and lodged him in prison, with only Jarvis to comfort him.

Stu. There let him lie till we have further business with him—"And for you, sir, let me hear no more of your compassion. A fellow, nursed in villany, and employed from childhood in the business of hell, should have no dealings with compassion.

"*Daw.* Say you so, sir?—you should have named the devil that tempted me—

"*Stu.* 'Tis false. I found you a villain, and therefore employed you—but no more of this—we have embarked too far in mischief to recede. Lewson is dead, and we are all principals in his murder. Think of that—there's time enough for pity when ourselves are out of danger—Beverly still lives, though in a gaol—his ruin will sit heavy on him; and discoveries may be made to undo us all. Something must be done, and speedily—You saw him quarrelling with Lewson in the street, last night? (*to Bates*)

"*Bates.* I did; his steward, Jarvis, saw him too.

Stu. "And shall attest it. Here's matter to work upon—an unwilling evidence carries weight with him." Something of my design I have hinted to you before.—Beverly must be the author of this murder; and we

the parties to convict him—but how to proceed will require time and thought. Come along with me; the room within is fitted for privacy—but no compassion, sir; (*to Dawson*) we want leisure for't.—This way.
[*exunt.*]

SCENE II—BEVERLY'S LODGINGS.

Enter Mrs. Beverly and Charlotte.

Mrs. Bev. No news of Lewson yet?

Char. None. He went out early, and knows not what has happened.

Mrs. Bev. The clock strikes eight—I'll wait no longer.

Char. Stay but till Jarvis comes. He has sent twice to stop us till we see him.

Mrs. Bev. I have no life in this separation. Oh, what a night was last night! I would not pass another such to purchase worlds by it—my poor Beverly too? what must he have felt? the very thought distracts me! to have him torn at midnight from me! a loathsome prison his habitation! a cold damp room his lodging! the bleak winds perhaps blowing upon his pillow! no fond wife to lull him to his rest! and no reflections but to wound and tear him!—'tis too horrible—I wanted love for him, or they had not forced him from me. They should have parted soul and body first—I was too tame.

Char. You must not talk so. All that we could we did; and Jarvis did the rest—the faithful creature will give him comfort. Why does he delay coming!

Mrs. Bev. And there's another fear. His poor master may be claiming the last kind office from him—his heart perhaps is breaking.

Char. See where he comes—his looks are cheerful
420.

Enter Jarvis.

Mrs. Bev. Are tears then cheerful? alas, he weeps! speak to him, Charlotte—I have no tongue to ask him questions.

Char. How does your master, Jarvis?

Jar. I am old and foolish, madam, and tears will come before my words—but don't you weep. (*to Mrs. B.*) I have a tale of joy for you.

Mrs. Bev. What tale?—say but he's well, and I have joy enough.

Jar. His mind too shall be well—all shall be well—I have news for him that will make his poor heart bound again—sue upon old age—how childish it makes me! I have a tale of joy for you too, and my tears drown it.

Char. Send them in showers then, and make haste to tell it.

Mrs. Bev. What is it, Jarvis?

Jar. Yet why should I rejoice when a good man dies? your uncle, madam, died yesterday.

Mrs. Bev. My uncle! oh, heavens!

Char. How heard you of his death?

Jar. His steward came express, madam!—I met him in the street, inquiring for your lodgings—I should not rejoice perhaps—but he was old, and my poor master a prisoner—now he shall live again. Oh, 'tis a brave fortune! and 'twas death to me to see him a prisoner.

Char. Where left you the steward?

Jar. I would not bring him hither, to be a witness of your distresses; and besides, I wanted, once before I die, to be the messenger of joy to you. My good master will be a man again.

Mrs. Bev. Haste, haste then; and let us fly to him! we are delaying our own happiness.

Jar. I had forgot a coach, madam, and Lucy has ordered one.

Mrs. Bev. Where was the need of that? the news has given me wings.

Char. I have no joy till my poor brother share it with me. How did he pass the night, Jarvis?

Jar. Why now madam, I can tell you. Like a man dreaming of death and horrors. When they led him to his cell—for 'twas a poor apartment for my master—he flung himself upon a wretched bed, and lay speechless till day-break. A sigh now and then, and a few tears that followed those sighs, were all that told me he was alive. I spoke to him, but he would not hear me; and when I persisted, he raised his hand at me, and knit his brow so—I thought he would have struck me.

Mrs. Bev. Oh, miserable! but what said he, Jarvis? or was he silent all night?

Jar. At day-break he started from the bed, and looking wildly at me, asked who I was. I told him, and bid him be of comfort—begone, old wretch, says he—I have sworn never to know comfort—my wife! my child! my sister! I have undone them all, and will know no comfort—then falling upon his knees, he imprecated curses upon himself.

Mrs. Bev. This is too horrible! but you did not leave him so?

Char. No, I am sure he did not.

Jar. I had not the heart, madam. By degrees I brought him to himself. A shower of tears came to his relief; and he called me his kindest friend, and begged forgiveness of me, like a child. My heart throbbed so, I could not speak to him. He turned from me for a minute or two, and, suppressing a few bitter sighs, inquired after his wretched family. 'Wretched' was his word, madam—asked how you bore the misery of last night—if you had the goodness to see him in prison; and then begged me to hasten to

you. I told him he must be more himself first—he promised me he would; and, bating a few sudden intervals, he became composed and easy—and then I left him; but not without an attendant—a servant in the prison, whom I hired to wait upon him. 'Tis an hour since we parted—I was prevented in my haste to be the messenger of joy to you."

Mrs. Bev. What a tale is this? but we have staid too long—"a coach is needless."

Char. Hark! I hear one at the door."

Jar. "And Lucy comes to tell us"—we'll away this moment.

Mrs. Bev. To comfort him or die with him.

[*exunt.*]

"SCENE III.—STUKELY'S LODGINGS.

"*Enter Stukely, Bates, and Dawson.*

"*Stu.* Here's presumptive evidence at least—or if we want more, why we must swear more. But all unwillingly—we gain credit by reluctance—I have told you how to proceed. Beverly must die—we hunt him in view now, and must not slacken in the chase. 'Tis either death for him, or shame and punishment for us. Think of that, and remember your instructions—you, Bates, must to the prison immediately. I would be there but a few minutes before you, and you, Dawson, must follow in a few minutes after. So here we divide—but answer me; are you resolved upon this business like men?"

"*Bates.* Like villains rather—but you may depend upon us.

"*Stu.* Like what we are then—you make no answer, Dawson—compassion, I suppose, has seized you.

"*Daw.* No; I have disclaimed it—my answer is—you may depend upon me.

"*Stu.* Consider the reward; riches and security!"

have sworn to divide with you to the last shilling—so here we separate till we meet in prison—remember your instructions, and be men.” [exunt]

SCENE IV.—A PRISON.

Beverly is discovered sitting. After a short pause, he starts up, and comes forward.

Bev. Why, there's an end then. I have judged deliberately, and the result is death. How the self-murderer's account may stand, I know not. But this I know—the load of hateful life oppresses me too much—the horrors of my soul are more than I can bear—*(offers to kneel)* Father of mercy?—I cannot pray—despair has laid his iron hand upon me, and sealed me for perdition—conscience! conscience! thy clamours are too loud—here's that shall silence thee. *(takes a vial out of his pocket and looks at it.)* Thou art most friendly to the miserable. Come, then, thou cordial for sick minds—come to my heart. *(drinks)* Oh, that the grave would bury memory as well as body! for if the soul sees and feels the sufferings of those dear ones it leaves behind, the everlasting has no vengeance to torment it deeper—I'll think no more on't—reflection comes too late—once there was a time for't—but now 'tis past. Who's there?

Enter Jarvis.

Jar. One that hoped to see you with better looks—why do you turn so from me? I have brought comfort with me. And see who comes to give it welcome.

Bev. My wife and sister! why, 'tis but one pang more then, and farewell world. [aside.]

Enter Mrs. Beverly and Charlotte.

Mrs. Bev. Where is he? *(runs and embraces him)* Oh, I have him! I have him! and now they shall

never part us more—I have news, to make you happy for ever—but don't look coldly on me.

“*Char.* How is it, brother?”

Mrs. Bev. Alas, he hears us not—speak to me, love. I have no heart to see you thus.

Bev. “Nor I to bear the sense of so much shame”
—this is a sad place!

Mrs. Bev. We came to take you from it. To tell you the world goes well again. That providence has seen our sorrows, and sent the means to help them—your uncle died yesterday.

Bev. My uncle! no, do not say so! oh, I am sick at heart.

Mrs. Bev. Indeed! I meant to bring you comfort.

Bev. Tell me he lives, then—if you would bring me comfort, tell me he lives.

Mrs. Bev. And if he did—I have no power to raise the dead. He died yesterday.

Bev. And I am heir to him!

Jar. To his whole estate, sir—but bear it patiently—pray bear it patiently.

Bev. Well, well; (*pausing*) Why fame says I am rich then?

Mrs. Bev. And truly so—why do you look so wildly?

Bev. Do I? The news was unexpected. But has he left me all?

Jar. All, all, sir—he could not leave it from you.

Bev. I am sorry for it.

“*Char.* Sorry! why sorry?”

“*Bev.* Your uncle's dead, Charlotte.”

“*Char.* Peace be with his soul then—is it so terrible that an old man should die?”

“*Bev.* He should have been immortal.”

“*Mrs. Bev.* “Heaven knows I wished not for his death. 'Twas the will of providence that he should die”—why are you disturbed so?”

Bev. Has death no terrors in it?

Mrs. Bev. Not an old man's death. Yet if it troubles you, I wish him living.

Bev. And I, with all my heart.

Char. Why, what's the matter?

Bev. Nothing—how heard you of his death?

Mrs. Bev. His steward came express. Would I had never known it!"

Bev. "Or had it one day sooner"—for I have a tale to tell shall turn you into stone; or, if the power of speech remain, you shall kneel down and curse me.

Mrs. Bev. Alas! what tale is this? and why are we to curse you—I'll bless you forever.

Bev. No; I have deserved no blessings. The world holds not such another wretch. All this large fortune, this second bounty of heaven, that might have healed our sorrows, and satisfied our utmost hopes, in a cursed hour I sold last night.

Char. Sold! how sold?

Mrs. Bev. Impossible!—it cannot be?

Bev. That devil Stukely, with all hell to aid him, tempted me to the deed. To pay false debts of honour, and to redeem past errors, I sold the reversion—sold it for a scanty sum, and lost it among villains.

Char. Why, farewell all then.

Bev. Liberty and life—come kneel and curse me.

Mrs. Bev. Then hear me, heaven! (*kneels*) look down with mercy on his sorrows! give softness to his looks, and quiet to his heart! take from his memory the sense of what is past, and cure him of despair! on me! on me! if misery must be the lot of either, multiply misfortunes! I'll bear them patiently, so he is happy! these hands shall toil for his support! these eyes be lifted up for hourly blessings on him! and every duty of a fond and faithful wife be doubly done to cheer and comfort him!—so hear me! so reward me! (*rises*)

Bev. I would kneel too, but that offended heaven would turn my prayers in to curses. "What have I to ask for! I, who have shook hands with hope? is it

for length of days that I should kneel; no; my time is limited. Or is it for this world's blessings upon you & all yours? to pour out my heart in wishes for a ruined wife, a child, and sister? oh, no?" for I have done a deed to make life horrible to you——

"*Mrs. Bev.* Why horrible? is poverty so horrible? the real wants of life are few. A little industry will supply them all—and cheerfulness will follow—it is the privilege of honest industry, and we'll enjoy it fully.

"*Bev.* Never, never—oh, I have told you but in part. The irrevocable deed is done."

"*Mrs. Bev.* What deed?—"and why do you look so at me?"

"*Bev.* A deed that dooms my soul to vengeance—That seals your misery here, and mine hereafter.

"*Mrs. Bev.* No, no; you have a heart too good for't—alas? he raves, Charlotte—his looks too terrify me—speak comfort to him—he can have done no deed of wickedness.

"*Char.* And yet I fear the worst—what is it, brother?"

Bev. A deed of horror.

Jar. Ask him no questions, madam—this last misfortune has hurt his brain. A little time will give him patience.

Enter Stukely.

Bev. Why is this villain here?

Stu. To give you liberty and safety. There, madam's, his discharge. (*giving a paper to Mrs. Beverly*) Let him fly this moment. The arrest last night was meant in friendship; but came too late.

Char. What mean you, sir?

Stu. The arrest was too late, I say; I would have kept his hands from blood, but was too late.

Mrs. Bev. His hands from blood! whose blood? oh! wretch! wretch!

Stu. From Lewson's blood.

Char. No, villain! yet what of Lewson? speak quickly.

Stu. You are ignorant then! I thought I heard the murderer at confession.

Char. What murderer? and who is murdered? not Lewson? say he lives, and I'll kneel and worship you.

Stu. In pity, so I would; but the tongues of all cry murder. I came in pity, not in malice; to save the brother, not to kill the sister. Your Lewson's dead.

Char. O horrible! "why who has killed him? and yet it cannot be." What crime had he committed that he should die? villain! he lives! he lives! and shall revenge these pangs.

Mrs. Bev. Patience, sweet Charlotte!

Char. O, 'tis too much for patience!

Mrs. Bev. He comes in pity, he says! O, execrable villain! the friend is killed then, and this the murderer?"

Bev. Silence, I charge you. Proceed, sir.

Stu. No. Justice may stop the tale—and here's an evidence.

Enter Bates.

Bates. The news, I see, has reach'd you. But take comfort, madam. (to *Char.*) There's one without inquiring for you—Go to him and lose no time

Char. O misery! misery! [exit]

Mrs. Bev. Follow her, Jarvis. If it be true that Lewson's dead, her grief may kill her.

Bates. Jarvis must stay here, madam. I have some questions for him.

Stu. Rather let him fly. His evidence may crush his master.

Bev. Why ay; this looks like management.

Bates. He found you quarreling with Lewson in the streets last night. (to *Beverly*)

Mrs. Bev. No; I am sure he did not

Jar. Or if I did—

Mrs. Bev. 'Tis false, old man—they had no quarrel: there was no cause for quarrel

Rev. Let him proceed, I say—oh! I am sick! sick!
—reach a chair. *(he sits down.)*

Mrs. Rev. You droop and tremble, love.—Your eyes are fixed too—yet you are innocent. If *Lewson's* dead you killed him not.

Enter Dawson.

Stu. Who sent for Dawson?

Bates 'Twas I—we have witness too you little think of—without there!

Stu. What witness?

Bates A right one. Look at him.

Enter Lewson and Charlotte.

Stu. Lewson! O villains! villains!

[to Bates and Dawson.]

Mrs. Rev. Risen from the dead? why this is unexpected happiness!

Char. Or is't his ghost? *(to Stukely)* That sight would please you, sir.

Jar. What riddle's this?

Rev. Be quick and and tell it—my minutes are but few.

Mrs. Rev. Alas! why so! you shall live long and happily.

Lew. While shame and punishment shall rack that viper. *(pointing to Stukely)* The tale is short—I was too busy in his secrets, and therefore doomed to die. Bates, to prevent the murder, undertook it—I kept aloof to give it credit—

Char. And give me pangs unutterable.

Lew. I felt 'em all, and would have told you—but vengeance wanted ripening. The villain's scheme was but half executed. The arrest by Dawson followed the supposed murder.—and now, depending on his once wicked associates, he comes to fix the guilt on Beverly.

Mrs. Rev. O! execrable wretch!

Bates. Dawson and I are witnesses of this.

Jar. And of a thousand frauds. His fortune ruin

ed by sharpeners and false dice; and Stukely sole contriver and possessor of all.

Daw. Had he but stopped on this side murder, we had been villains still.

Mrs. Bev. Thus heaven turns evil into good: and by permitting sin, warns men to virtue.

Lew. Yet punishes the instrument. So shall our laws; though not with death. But death were mercy: Shame, beggary, and imprisonment, unpitied misery, the stings of conscience, and the curses of mankind, shall make life hateful to him—till at last his own hand end him—how does my friend?

(*to Beverly.*)

Ben. Why, well. Who's he that asks me?

Mrs. Bev. 'Tis Lewson, love—why do you look so at him?

Ben. They told me he was murdered (wildly

Mrs. Bev. Ay; but he lives to save us.

Ben. Lend me your hand—the room turns round.

Mrs. Bev. O heaven!

Lew. This villain here disturbs him. Remove him from his sight—and for your lives see that you guard him. (*Stukely is taken off by Dawson and Bates*) How is it, sir?

Ben. 'Tis here—and here. (*pointing to his head and heart*) And now it tears me!

Mrs. Bev. You feel convulsed too—what is't disturbs you?

Lew. This sudden turn of joy, perhaps—he wants rest too—last night was dreadful to him. His brain is giddy.

Char. Ay, never to be cured—why, brother! O! I fear! I fear!

Mrs. Bev. Preserve him, heaven! my love! my life! look at me!—how his eyes flame!

Ben. A furnace rages in this heart—"I have been too hasty.

Mrs. Ben. Indeed!—O me! O me!—help, Jarvis!

fly, fly for help! your master dies else. Weep not, but fly! *(Exit Jarvis)* What is this hasty deed?—yet, yet do not answer me—my fears have guessed.

Rev. Call back the messenger—'tis not in medicine's power to help me.

Mrs. Rev. Is it then so!

Rev. Down, restless flames!—*(laying his hand on his heart)* down to your native hell—there you shall rack me—O! for a pause from pain!

Mrs. Rev. Help, Charlotte? support him, sir! *(to Lewson)* This is a killing sight!

Rev. That pang was well—it has numbed my senses.—where's my wife?—can you forgive me, love?

Mrs. Rev. Alas! for what?

Rev. *(startling again)* And there's another pang—now all is quiet—will you forgive me?

Mrs. Rev. I will—tell me for what?

Rev. For meanly dying

Mrs. Rev. No!—do not say it.

Rev. As truly as my soul must answer it.—Had Jarvis staid this morning, all had been well. But pressed by shame—pent in a prison—tormented with my pangs for you—driven to despair and madness—I took the advantage of his absence, corrupted the poor wretch he left to guard me, and—swallowed poison.

Mrs. Rev. O fatal deed!

Char. Dreadful and cruel!

Rev. Ay, most accurst—and now I go to my account. "This rest from pain brings death: yet 'tis heaven's kindness to me. I wished for ease, a moment's ease, that cool repentance and contrition might soften vengeance"—Bend me, and let me kneel. *(they lift him from his chair, and support him on his knees)* I'll pray for you too. Thou power that madest me, hear me! if for a life of frailty, and this too hasty deed of death, thy justice dooms me, here I acquit thee.

Rev. But if authorized by mercy when thou do

test, thy pity has beheld me, send me a gleam of hope; that in these last and bitter moments my soul may taste of comfort! and for these mourners here, O! let their lives be peaceful, and their deaths happy!—"now raise me."

[*they lift him to the chair.*]

Mrs. Bev. Restore him, heaven! stretch forth thy arm omnipotent, and snatch him from the grave!—O save him! save him! *or let me die too.*

Bev. "Alas! that prayer is fruitless. Already death has seized me—yet heaven is gracious—I asked for hope, as the bright presage of forgiveness, and like a light, blazing through darkness, it came and cheered me—'twas all I lived for," and now I die.

"*Mrs. Bev.* Not yet! not yet! stay but a little while and I'll die too."

Bev. No; live, I charge you—We have a little one. Though I have left him, you will not leave him. To Lewson's kindness I bequeath him. Is not this Charlotte?—we have lived in love, though I have wrong'd you.—Can you forgive me, Charlotte?

Char. Forgive you! Oh, my poor brother!

Bev. "Lend me your hand, love—so—raise me—no—'twill not be—my life is finished—" Oh! for a few short moments to tell you how my heart bleeds for you—that even now, thus dying as I am, dubious and fearful of hereafter, my bosom pang is for your miseries. Support her, heaven!—and now I go—Oh, mercy! mercy!

"*Lew.* Then all is over—how is it, madam?" *[dies]* my poor Charlotte too!

Enter Jarvis.

"*Jar.* How does my master, madam? here's help at hand—am I too late then?" *[seeing Beverly]*

"*Char.* Tears! tears! why fall you not—Oh, wretched sister!—speak to her, Lewson—" her grief is speechless.

Lew. "Remove her from this sight—go to her, Jarvis

--lead and support her." Sorrow like hers forbids complaint---words are for lighter griefs---some ministering angel bring her peace! (*Jarvis and Charlotte lead her off*) and thou, poor breathless corpse, may thy departed soul have found the rest it prayed for! save but one error, and this last fatal deed, thy life was lovely. Let frailer minds take warning; and from example learn, that want of prudence is want of virtue.

Follies, if uncontrolled, of every kind,
Grow into passions, and subdue the mind;
With sense and reason hold superior strife,
And conquer honour, nature, fame, and life.

• END OF THE GAMESTER.

THE
FORTY THIEVES:
A GRAND ROMANTIC DRAMA,
IN TWO ACTS.
BY R. B. SHERIDAN & COLMAN THE YOUNGER.
WITH ALL THE ORIGINAL SONGS AND CHORUSES.



NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED BY CHARLES WILKINSON, NO. 3 WALL STREET, N. Y.
CAREY, & I. LEA, AND MCCARTY & DAVIS, PHILADELPHIA.
PHILADELPHIA, AND SAM'L. H. PARKER, BOSTON.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Ali Baba (*the poor brother, a wood-cutter*)

Ganem (*his son*)

Cassim (*the rich brother*)

Abdallah (*captain of the thieves*)

Thirty-eight thieves.

Alcandor } *two of the thirty-eight thieves*
Mirza }

Solim (*lover of Zelie*)

Orcobrand } *genius of the forest, and protector of
the thieves*

Hassarac (*second captain of the thieves*)

Ardinelle } *friry of the lake, and protectress of
Ali Baba*

Gossamer (*the principal sylph*)

Sylphs, Fairies, &c.

Cogia (*wife to Ali Baba*)

• Zaide (*wife of Cassim*)

Zelie (*daughter of a bashaw*)

Morgiana (*slave to Cassim, and sister to Zelie*)

War—Famine—Fraud—Rapine—(*attendants on Or-
cobrand—attendants on Ali Baba*)

SCENE—Bagdad.

THE
FORTY THIEVES.



ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A BEAUTIFUL PALACE.

*Gossamer with sylphs and fairies enter dancing. They
dance round and form on each side.*

*Ardinelle enters in a splendid car drawn by swans;
The sylphs and fairies pay their homage to Ardinelle.*

CHORUS OF SYLPHS, FAIRIES, NAIADS, &c.

Fairy of the glassy lake,
Hasten for fair virtue's sake,
Lovely spirit pure art thou,
As the stream that veils thee now
While thy chariot glides along,
We tune the choral song—
Thus we tune the choral song,
Thus we sing and own thy swa-
Fond of virtue's fairest ray—
Fond of virtue's fairest ray—

THE FORTY THIEVES

Ardenelle alights from the car and comes forward.
Ardenelle. Fancies, whose frolic feet when Cynthia's
 lovers

Love circles in the grass; sylphs, that unseen,
 Flit through the vault of ether; naiads with 'resses
 Idly willow bound, and glassy limbs laved in
 The silver stream—attend.

Gos. Hail to our mistress! fairy of the lake.

Ardenelle. Know'st thou Abdallah, leader of the robbers?

Gos. I do.

Ardenelle. Thou know'st too Ali Baba. Soon Orco-
 brand, the

Enchanter of the forest, may also know him.

Gos. Mean you the woodman, that comes so oft
 From Bagdat to this forest?

Ardenelle. The same.

Gos. I ne'er have seen him, gentle mistress.

Ardenelle. Dull spirit! thou should'st see through thought;
 Observe those whom I would protect. for thou
 Must work, and fealty in my purpose.
 Gossamer! this Ali Baba mark, and eke his son,
 Two humble woodmen, fall'n from happier
 Fortunes, still doom'd to higher. Thus I draw
 Their filmy, unsubstantial substances.

*[Ardenelle waves her wand—a wood discovered
 through a transparency, exhibiting the shadowy
 figures of the woodmen.]*

*Ali Baba enters slowly, beckoning to his son Ganem,
 who comes on stretching and yawning, leading an
 ass, and pass off.*

FORMER SCENE RESUMED.

Gos. Why stoops thy power to aid such earthly be-
 ings?

Ardenelle. Earth taught thing! the hand that wields a
 sceptre,

And that which holds a plough, are of the self-same.
(Exit)

SCENE II. THE FORTY THIEVES.

In virtue's eye the *good* are always *great* :
 The *great* not always *good*. Hence comes it,
 Peasants bless their *kings*, when *kings*
 Treat *them* as fellow *men*.
 Away, away—quick to your task.
[exit Ardinelle. Gossamer with the sylphs
and fairies go off dancing.

SCENE II.—A RURAL AVENUE LEADING TO THE FOREST.

Ali. (behind) Why Ganem—Ganem I say ! plague
 take this lazy son of mine, how he loiters. Come
 along, Dapple.

Enter Ali Buba leading an ass.

Ali. There, go your ways ; you ought to know the
 road—you've gone it often enough. *(drives off the ass)*
 Why, Ganem, I say !

Enter Ganem, yawning and stretching.

Ganem. Is the sun up yet, father ?

Ali. Up ! look through the branches of yonder
 palm-trees, it's as round and as yellow. *(Ganem gapes)*
 Zounds, dont yawn so, if you do, it will pop down
 your throat like a poach'd egg for your breakfast.

Ganem. Ah, father, when you flourished in trade,
 you made every one welcome ; and then they never
 thought you wanted a breakfast.

Ali. That was because when I *did* flourish in trade,
 I could not bear to hear any body say they wanted a
 dinner.

Ganem. Yes, and for that reason you fed all the
 poor.

Ali. To set the rich a good example ; but curse
 'em, now. I'm grown poor myself, I dont find they
 follow it.

Ganem. No, now you are grown a beggar, no one
 cares about you—in the way of the world, father.

Ali. Then the world points to a dirty cross-road,
and confound it's finger-posts—but what do you mean
by a beggar? haven't I strength; haven't we hatchets;
and dont we earn our bread by our honest industry?

Ganem. Yes, but though we earn our bread, our
neighbours say we are half-starv'd.

Ali. Then I'll give 'em the lie plump; so hold your
tongue, Ganem—I won't hear my son tell me he's half-
starv'd in my trade: no, while he's with his father
cutting wood, I'll maintain he's a chopping boy.

SONG—ALI BABA.

'To a woodman's hut there came one day,
A physician and dancing master;
"This fellow's hovel must serve," said they,
"For the rain pours faster and faster."
Heigh-ho, fal de rak

The physician was proud, and toss'd up his head,
And scarce would the woodman mark, sir;
"But, doctor, we're equals," the woodman said,
"For we both of us deal in bark, sir."
Heigh-ho, fal de rak.

The master of dance was as grand as you please,
Till the woodman cried, "how now, sir?"
You cut but capers—I cut trees,
And we all know the worth of a bow, sir."
Heigh-ho, fal de rak

At last, says the woodman, "the weather is good,
For the rain only falls from the eaves, now;
So put out your heads—'twill be carrying wood,—
And pray both be taking your leaves, now."
Heigh-ho, fal de rak

Ganem. My dear Morgiana! how cruel is this suspense; but why should I make myself uneasy for her whose heart is already mine.

SONG—GANEM

Ah what is the bosom's commotion,
 In a sea of suspense while 'tis tost,
 While the heart in our passion's wild ocean,
 Feels even hope's anchor is lost.
 Morgiana thou art my dearest,
 For thee I have languish'd and griev'd,
 And when hope to my bosom was nearest,
 How oft has that hope been deceiv'd.
 Morgiana my hope was deceived,
 Morgiana, &c.

The storm of despair is blown o'er;
 No more by its vapour deprest,
 I laugh at the clouds of a lover,
 With the sunshine of joy in my breast.
 Love, made by a parent my duty,
 To the wish of my heart now arrived,
 I bend to the power of beauty,
 And every fond hope is revived.
 Morgiana my hope is revived.
 [exit.

SCENE III.—INSIDE OF ALI BABA'S COT.

Enter Cogia.

Cog. Where can Ali Baba and Ganem stay.—Ah, how wretched is now our lot compared with our former life: while my sister Zaide and her husband Cassim enjoy all the luxuries of life, I am forced to toil in their house, and poor Ali Baba and my son to en-

wood from the forest Alas, what will become of my poor babes,—without food, without clothes.

SONG—COGIA.

Ah where can I turn for relief,
 Since my sorrows a sister disdains!
 I have no one to soften my grief—
 My heart in sad silence complains.
 How oft have I wept at the woes, describ'd in the poet's
 sad tale;
 Described in the poet's sad tale.
 How oft did they break my repose when no sorrows of
 mine could avail
 When no sorrows of mine could avail.

Compassion's soft tear have I shed,
 When misery stood at my door;
 When who could have thought or have said,
 I must soon my own sorrow deplore.
 By friends thus deserted around,
 New woes can my sister impart?
 Yes, her scorn gives a still sharper wound,
 By ingratitude barbing the dart.

Ah, my husband, what will become of us?

Enter Morgiana with a basket.

Morg. Here my dear little ones, take this.
[puts the basket off.]

Cog. Morgiana, what brings you here?

Morg. Dear Cogia, my heart was ready to break at the cruel treatment you experienced from my mistress. How can a sister deny that which a stranger would be glad to give—relief to your distress.

Cog. Dear Morgiana, words cannot thank you.

Morg. But is not Ganem—I mean his father, yet claimed?

Cog. No—I never think of his going to that dreadful

in the forest, but I feel as if I had parted with him for ever.

Morg. But did Ganem ever see any of its dreadful inhabitants?

Cog. Ganem!

Morg. I mean Ali Baba!

Cog. He never told me so; but when he returns he often looks as if he had seen something strange and dreadful.

Morg. Dreadful!—I pity him! so young as he is to run such risks!

Cog. Ali Baba so young!

Morg. I mean so good. I'm sure I feel for him from the bottom of my heart. Dear Cogia—oh, would I were your slave, that I might work night and day to serve you and Ganem—you and Ali Baba, I mean.

Cog. Ah, Morgiana, you would not have the means to be so generous *then* as you are now.

DUET—COGIA AND MORGIANA.

Cog. When o'er life's sunshine clouds are cast,
The cheek will lose its bloom;

Morg. But cheering friendship smiles at last,
And dissipates the gloom.

Alas, from early life enslaved,

I feel the galling chain—

Alas, from early life enslaved:—

Cog. May heaven destroy that chain.

Morg. But love's soft power, too long braved,
Inflicts a deeper pain;

Cog. But love may cure that pain:—

Morg. Oh may love cure that pain. [*Revent*]

THE FORTY THIEVES.

ACT I.

SCENE IV.—AN EXTENSIVE FOREST. A ROCK IN THE
FORE-GROUND.

Ali Baba and Ganem discovered cutting wood.

Ali. This is the toughest morsel I've met with for some time, except last Tuesday's shoulder of mutton, but I got through that—and now I've got through this:—*Ganem*, lad, how dost get on?

Ganem. Oh lord, oh lord! I've cut my finger to the bone.

Ali. No! have you? then you have made a neat job of it. Is it deep?

Ganem. Nay, it's deep enough for that matter.

Ali. Zounds! and wounds mortify. Hurry home to thy mother, boy—tell her—but dont frighten her—tell her I've a great respect for her salve that cures every thing:—but I wish she'd contrive to sell a few logs—just to get a surgeon to look to your wound.

Ganem. Nay, father, it will heal of itself.

Ali. Dont be too sure of that. I lost my fortune like a philosopher—but I could not so well bear the loss of my son

Ganem. Never mind, father; it's a mere nothing.

Ali. Indeed! why then how came you to cut your finger, you clumsy dog? perhaps you did it to frighten your foolish father: but go home with the panniers—and I'll get another load cut by the time you come back. But hark'ee, young man, come here—there's another wound I must talk to you about.

Ganem. What, father? another wound?

Ali. Yes—made with two plaguy, sharp instruments.

Ganem. What are they?

Ali. A pair of black eyes—and a pretty girl's face is the case for them.—My brother's slave, Morgiana.

Ganem. Morgiana! — I—I—I—

Ali. I—I—I—dont stutter, sir—I know it;—but hear me—poverty has made me a little proud—not much—I'm like an old oak, a little more majestic, because the storms have shattered me. Dont marry your uncle's slave.

Ganem. Should a virtuous girl be deserted, father, because she's in poverty?

Ali. No, to be sure; I respect virtue and innocence for their rarity: but if my brother Cassim should know it, he'll raise the price of his slave, and I can't afford to buy myself a daughter-in-law.

Ganem. My kind father!

Ali. There go home with the panniers, away with you.

Ganem. Well, but, father, why should you stay?

Ali. To cut another load. How the boy stares! what should I fear? here's no temptation for a robber. I've nothing to lose but this hatchet, and it has a sharp argument or two to offer before it will quit me.

Ganem. But should you break that, father, what will defend you?

Ali. What will defend me? why, an honest heart here—and a trust there. (*pointing upwards*) So, go thy ways—there, follow Dapple.

Ganem. Farewell, father.

[*exit with the ass*]

Ali. Farewell, Ganem. They say not only robbers, but evil spirits infest this forest. It has some strange inhabitants, that's certain; for here I have traced their horses' footsteps—I must be satisfied—here will I wait their coming. What should I fear? the loss of life—I'll risk it.

[*whistles heard and answered*]
They are coming. Where shall I hide myself? ah, this tree.

[*ascends a tree*]

The Robbers are seen returning home through the forest on horseback. They dismount—a march is played; and the robbers march on singly, headed by Mirza—Abdallah and Hassarar last. They march round and range on each side.

Abdal. Let the rest of our band remain in the wood:
Is all safe?

All. All.

Abdal. Then to secure our prey. On the edge of the forest I have intelligence that a caravan is passing loaded with treasure. Be expeditious and the whole is ours.—Now for our charm, whose powerful influence will split the rock.

CHORUS OF ROBBERS.

Pronounce the charm and split the rock,
Now bid the brazen gate unlock.

(goes toward the rock, Open, Sesame.

*[gong sounds and the rock divides,
discovering a brazen gate*

Now to unlock the brazen gate.—Open, Sesame.

[gong sounds, and the brazen gate flies open

Abdallah goes into the cave

with part of the robbers

Mirz. Well, Hassarac, what think you of our captain's plan?

Has. Full of danger and treachery.

Mirz. Ha! treachery, say you?

Has. Yes, treachery: you all know the neighbouring bashaw? his daughter, the beauteous Zelié, is passing through our forest on a pilgrimage. We are to attack the caravan.

Mirz. What's she worth?

Has. Do you forget? this is the girl for whom our captain jump't into the Tigris.

Mirz. No, I remember! When the boat was upset with the beauteous Zelié, he plunged into the waves, and saved her without wetting a whisker.

Has. To that beauty he has lost his heart.

Mirz. But where's the treachery?

Has. How dull you are:—with the treasures of our cave, and this girl an hostage, he procures his pardon, and our ruin.—The destruction of our band.

Mirz. Ha ! that must be prevented. We'll support you.

Has. Give me your hand—there are more of your mind. Let this expedition once take place, and then—hush.

[Abdallah and robbers return from the cave]
Abdal. Shut, Sesame.

[gong sounds, and the rock closes]
Now, brave fellows, handle well your sabres, and the greatest prize we ever gain'd is ours. Comrades away.

• CHORUS OF ROBBERS.

Like the wind driven sand,
Is the speed of our hand ;
By night and by day,
We are lords of the way ;
Our range is an empire—its people our prey.
[they march off]

Ali Baba comes down from the tree.

Ali. Oh Mahomet ! I tremble all over like the leaves of an aspin in a high wind. These are the banditti that are the terror of all Bagdad ; and there is the cave which conceals all their treasures—I know the charm. Shall I venture?—should I succeed, I and my poor family are made forever ; if I'm discovered they'll saw off the head of a woodman—no matter—here goes.—Open, Se—ha—um. Open, Sesa—who's there ? Lord it's only a crow. Open, Sesame.

[gong sounds, and the rock opens]
O, If open Sesame could but split open rocks for the benefit of the poor, I wish every honest heart in distress had the charm to unlock the hearts of those that are shut to the feelings of humanity.

[goes into the cave and says.]
Shut, Sesame.

[gong sounds, and the rock closes]
Ganem. (behind) Come along, Dapple.

Ganem enters, leading the ass

Ganem. Here I am returned, father.—Eh! what, here? why, father! lord, lord, where can he be?

Ali. (in the cave) Open, Sesame.

[gong sounds, and the rock opens
(*Ali comes out of the cave loaded with gold jugs, cups, and bags of money*)

Ali. Who's there? robber or devil, I'll knock you down with a bag of money. Ah, my dear boy! here, take this, and this, and this.

Ganem. Well, but, father—

Ali. Hold your tongue, you dog! if you open your mouth we shall have our throats cut. Here, load the ass—cover it all up;—there, now go along—stop, stop—shut, Sesame.

[gong sounds, and the rock closes
Hurra! hurra! [exunt with the ass loaded

SCENE V—INSIDE OF ALI BABA'S COT.

Enter Cogia.

SONG—COGIA.

Last night I sat me down and cried,

My heart as sad as may be;

For then with hunger almost died

My darling little baby.

Oh! my baby! my little darling baby!

Ah! how a mother's heart is grieved

To see her infant dying;

A savage who her pangs perceived,

Could scarce refrain from crying.

Oh! my baby, &c.

cave, and out

No tidings yet of my husband! where can he
Ali sings behind Ah, I hear him.

Enter Ali Baba and Ganem, loaded with the bags, &c. and singing.

Cog. I thought you would never come home to your dinner.

Ali. Dinner!—Tol lol de rol lol, &c.

Cog. Lord, Ali Baba, how can you be so merry when perhaps we shan't have a morsel to give the children to-morrow?

Ali. That for to-morrow. [*snapping his fingers* Tol lol, &c.

Cog. Ar'nt you well, Ali Baba?

Ali. No. I've had a violent and sudden attack of the yellow-jaundice. Tol lol, &c.

Cog. The yellow-jaundice!

Ali. Yes; and I hope it will be a chronic disease with me. Look there, you little devil.

Cog. Mercy!—*Gold!* why, where did it all come from?

Ali. From the skies, and we held our caps and panniers while the rain fell.

Cog. Mercy! how shall we ever be able to count it all?

Ali. Count!—count the leaves on the trees, or the hairs on your cat's back.

TRIO—ALI BABA, GANEM AND COGIA.

Happy the day,
Cares flit away;
Sorrow no more shall our pleasures annoy.
As the sky clears,
Sunshine appears,
Danger and grief yield to safety and joy.
Danger and grief yield, &c.
CHORUS—Happy the day, &c.
Friendless and poor,
Want paced the floor,
The breath of despair it blew chill on our hearth;

Chang'd is our lot
 Woes he *forgot*,
 Away with all cares and give welcome to mirth.
 Welcome joy and mirth, &c.
 Wealth while it flows,
 Treachery knows,
 Faithless the poor or the wealthy may prove;
 Destin'd to know,
 Mutual woe,
 Mutual, sure, must be our love.
 CHORUS—Happy the day, &c:

Cog. I'll tell you what—I'll go and borrow one of my sister Zaide's measures. [*exit Cogia*]

Ali. Let her have her way.—I say, Ganem, now mark how the report of our wealth will draw back all our false friends, as the tinkling of a bell will attract bees. O, confound all such fair weather friendships, say I.—Here she is.

Re-enter Cogia with a measure.

Now for it then—one—two—three.

[*measures it down the trap—a knocking without*]

Cog. Oh Lord! they are coming! they are coming!
 [*looking out*]

Ali. Who, the thieves?

[*puts all down the trap and shuts it*]

Cog. No, your brother Cassim and his wife.

Enter Zaide.

I was just coming home with your measure, sister.

Zaide. And pray what did you want with the measure, sister?

Cog. Only to measure out a little rice.

Zaide. Gold!—to measure out gold, you mean.

Cog. Measure gold! Lord how should I—

Zaide. Nay, it is in vain to hide it from us. I suspected something by your eagerness to get the measure, and therefore put some grease at the bottom, by which

I discovered what sort of grain you wanted to measure out.

Enter Cassim.

Cas. Good day, brother Ali.

Ali. How d'ye do, brother Cassim.

[significantly]

Cas. So, you are grown rich, I find.

Zaide. Yes, so rich that they measure out gold.

Ali. 'Tis plain you think so by your coming to see me.

Cas. Yes, and like a brother I am come to offer you every thing I possess: my fortune is ample, and I now come to share it with you.

Ali. Hav'n't you been in the habit of thinking that a little unreasonable?

Cas. Why, Ali, if you had proposed, I——

Ali. I proposed!—look'ee, brother Cassim, my poor hovel stands within ten yards of your magnificent mansion—I live under a brother's splendid nose, turned up at my poverty. You have known that my poor children have been almost starving for a meal—you have known my wife's patient anguish—you have offered her insult by suffering her to drudge in your house, and then call'd it charity. And do you think I should have had any success if I had walk'd in with my hatchet under my arm, and said "brother, share your fortune with me?" Oh, no no.

Cas. But, consider, my dear Ali; we are, as it may be said, one flesh and blood.

Ali. Well, I've no right to be angry with you, Cassim, as you happen to be my brother—unless you were my particular friend—the tide of worldly friendship overflows the successful, but it runs dry to the needy—the man who is profuse in feasts will have his larder stock'd with presents; but he'll find it empty of gifts the moment he wants a dinner.

Cas. How, brother! do you slight my offers of friendship?

Cog. You had best not provoke him, for perhaps, he'll— *[aside to Ali]*

Ali. I know, he'll inform the cadi; and if the law gets hold of it, good b'ye, poor Sesame—so we must e'en give up one half to save the other.—Well then, brother, I have discovered the secret cave where the robbers conceal all their plunder.

Cas. Good fortune! let us go there instantly.

Ali. It opens by a charm.—Here, this way, and I'll tell you all.

Cas. You must give me their signals; and it will be best to let me go to the robbers' cave by myself; it will prevent suspicion.

Ali. You shall have them—but mind, be not too greedy, brother.

Cas. Never fear. Good day, brother; good day, Cogia.

Zaide. Good day, my dear brother; good day, my dear, dear sister. Good b'ye! good b'ye!

[exeunt Cassim and Zaide]
Ali. Oh, Cogia, what a discovery! but where's Ganem? ah! the sly rogue has slipt off, to tell Morgiana his good news.

Cog. Oh, mercy! now we are grown rich, I must have some new clothes;—I will have such a—nice—new—under-petticoat!

Ali. Ha! ha! that's what a woman's head is always running upon.

Cog. And what's your head, pray, running upon?

Ali. Money bags, you little devil. By Mahomet's mule, we are the happiest couple in all Bagdad!

DUET—ALI RABA AND COGIA.

Cog. While poor, the spirits flag,
Then we're pining daily;

Ali. Then down drop money bags,
And we'll to supper gaily.

Cog. Ah! Ah, my husband dear.

Oft I've been a starvet;

Ali. Now we'll have dinners here,

And I'll be grand carver.

Both. O'er dales and mountains stray,

Spite of wind and weather;

Rough, smooth, what'e'r our way,

We will march together.

Cog. Do not, pray since wealth's our hap,

Rove in Bagdad's city;

Ali. When money's in our lap,

A wife looks always pretty.

Cog. Friends, like bees, when wealth abounds,

Swarm while metal's tinkling:

Ali. But when no gold resounds,

They vanish in a twinkling.

Both. O'er dales and mountains stray,

Spite of wind and weather;

Rough, smooth, what'e'r our way,

We will march together.

[exeunt]

SCENE VI—THE FOREST AS BEFORE, WITHOUT THE CAVE.

Alcandor enters, watching and listening for the tread of passengers, and lays his ear to the ground. A whistle is heard; he rises and answers it.

Mitza enters, and informs him of the approach of the caravan, and their determination to attack it.

Abdallah enters and joins them; they all agree in the destruction of the caravan. They all go up the stage and point to it as being in sight, and go off rejoicing to join their comrades.

THE FORTY THIEVES.

Hark ! hark ! hush ! the camel driver's bell I hear ;
Hush ! hush ! tis they, tis they, they're drawing near ;
Enter the procession of the caravan.

Bid the lively cymbals jingle, while we mount the
sandy steep,
Let the bells of camels mingle, o'er the mountains as
they creep. 2

Bid, &c. [caravan pass off]
*Hassarac, Mirza, Alcandor, and the rest of the robbers
run across to attack the caravan with loud huzzas.
A great noise of fighting and huzzaing.
Hassarac and Selim, come on fighting ; a desperate
battle ensues between them, in which Selim is van-
quished and thrown.
Abdallah, Alcandor, and the rest of the robbers enter
with Zelic prisoner.*

DUET AND CHORUS.

Zel. Thus for a lover's safety kneeling, ah, must I
plead to thee in vain ?

Robber. Haste away !

Selim. More than my own her sorrows feeling, duty
bids me here remain.

Robber. Haste away ! haste away !

Bid the lively cymbals jingle, &c. &c. &c.

Zel. Ah, must I plead in vain ?

Selim. Duty bids me here remain.

Robber. Haste away ! haste away !

Abdal. Hold, Hassarac!—Fair lady— [to *Zelie*

Zel. Heavens! my preserver a robber, the captain of banditti?

Abdal. Men must bend to strong necessity.

Zel. You saved my life—be not the destroyer of my honour.

Abdal. Cursed be the villain who would harm the honour of a helpless woman!—lady, confide in me.

Zel. What, in a robber?

Has. Yes, a robber.

Abdal. Silence, Hassarac! thou art—

Has. A true robber. I have not the cant of honour and humanity.

Abdal. Know you to whom you speak?

Has. Yes, to a man—no better than myself.

Abdal. Audacious mutineer! another word, my scymeter shall cleave thee to the earth.

Has. My sabre bears as sharp an edge as yours.

Abdal. This to decide it

Has. Seize him—away with him to our cave, and chain him to the rock.

Abdal. Take my defiance, villain.

[*they fight—the other rob-*

bers seize Abdallah

Has. Hear him not—away with him! *Zelie* shall now be our ransom, comrades. Away to the cave, to the cave.

[*exunt Abdal. and Zelie guarded*

ACT THE SECOND

SCENE I.

ORCOBRAND'S CAST.

*Ornamented with different symbols of his mystic art.
A stand and books—an arch in the centre. (Thunder and lightning.)*

Enter Orcobrand through the arch, a short wand in his hand, like a caduceus, wound round with serpents.

Orcob. In thy black gulph, perdition, be forever sunk the meddling sprite, who dares oppose my will. May blasting tempests shiver her airy wings, and demons shed their murky dew upon her, while thick pestiferous fogs confound and foil her purposes! Already has this hated rival of my power, by means unfathomable e'en to the hellish skill I boast, directed the feeble footsteps of a puny mortal, who, by *her* protection aided, fearlessly has ventured the dark and gloomy cavern whose magic portal till then, did never open but to the cabalistic word my art invented. Ye dread associates, fell mischief's children—pale-faced Famine—deep Fraud—ruthless War, and unrelenting Rapine, I summon to my aid.

Famine, Fraud, War, and Rapine, enter, two on each side, as they are call'd.

(CHORUS OF DEMONS.)

Strike the world with fear and wonder.
Rent the poles with bolts of thunder

Join'd in one fate we'll ne'er give way,
 Join'd in one fate we'll ne'er give way.
 But combat for infernal sway,
 But combat, &c.
 Yes, yes, yes, idolaters of fire.
 Revel in the realms below.
 Revel, &c. .
 Revel, &c.

Your infernal train of prowling miscreant votaries, call from the deep abyss of Pluto's realm to aid, with all their powerful enginery, the dark designing measures of thy determin'd master. (*a horn sounds*) Hark! the watchful gnomes sound their hoarse shells, announcing the approach of mortal footsteps. Whoe'er thou art that boldly ventur'st to this dread abode, gaunt *Murder* who guards our brazen portal will admit and usher to our magic presence.

Enter Hassarac through the arch.

Has. Before you, mighty Orcobrand, I lowly bend.

Orcob. Approach, and speak thy wishes.

Has. Since the banditti thrive beneath thy care, confirm me as their leader; for Abdallah, our captain once——

Orcob. Your captain!—a puny slave!—a suckling unworthy of a leader's name;—who crouches at a woman's feet, and sighs for love, and all its flimsy blisses;—but he is now within my power: in yonder dungeon chain'd he lies, and to increase the horrors of his fate, within his view, fast bound in adamant chains, groans his beauteous Zelig.

Has. Yes, with Zelig, our new captive; 'twas to her the milksop sigh'd—now they may groan together. My comrades——

Orcob. For you, fond youth, the charge is yet too much:—the master robber of that mighty band link'd by fate in ties indissoluble, and by my magic power protected, should bear a heart, wherein the germ of cruelty

by nature's hand had been implanted; foster'd at the breast of Inavery, and pruned by deep deceit, until the spreading branches of determined rapine, present a full blown villain.

Has. And with your aid, my head may blossom some years longer.

Orcob. Thou hast already proved thyself unskill'd in such deep thought as should preserve thee from the perils of that state. Was it not by your neglect, remissness inexcusable! that your abode was known to mortal man?

Has. It was; but that secret goes no further. I acted justice in our cave this morning, and lo! p'd a head off. 'Twas a fool's who came, I know not by what means, among our treasures;—but head and trunk I threw among the palms that skirt our dwelling's mouth.

Orcob. Thou canst not think thy secret rests alone with those who are the partners of thy trade; another now has gain'd the word, and may proclaim it to the curious world.

Has. How! another?

Orcob. Yes, another;—protected by a female power, that far transcends in magic charm the influence I lately boasted.

Has. Her triumph shall be short.

Orcob. Another lives, I say, that has your secret word obtain'd; a mortal too. If thou would'st prove thyself worthy the mighty charge you now solicit—its thine, by *mortal means* to rid thy fears and mine; for in his hand thy life, and that of all thy friends, like the unsteady balance of a quivering beam, stands now in doubtful equipoise.

Has. On me then rest the issue. (*kneels*) And may sleep never close these eyes, if Bagdad's city hold him, till craft has hunted down my prey and courage plunged this dagger in his heart.

Orcob. Thy now determined purpose keep. Let me *riser* but view the purple dye upon thy trusty weapon, and

claim of me the bright reward of thy dark deed. Go—
 flence! pursue the fix'd and steady purpose of thy soul.
 Be resolute and prosper.

[crouching secretly; Massarat through the arch.]

SCENE II.—CASSIM'S ELEGANT TURKISH PAVILION.

Enter Zaide, crying.

Zaide. Oh, my poor Cassim Baba!—oh, these hor-
 rid robbers! and here I am left at the mercy of Ali
 Baba, to be dependant on a beggarly, niggardly, wood-
 cutting—

Enter Ali Baba.

Oh, my dear brother! *[crying.]*

Ali. Come, come, cheer up: death has always his
 hatchet in his hand, and sooner or later he cuts up all
 families, root and branch. You have lost a husband?

Zaide. And you a brother.

Ali. Yes, but he took so much pains when he was
 alive to inure me to the loss of a brother, that I don't
 think I shall sink under the affliction.

Zaide. Ah, I shall never cease to lament him.

Ali. Then let us divide the four-and-twenty hours
 between us: and if you lament him at night, as much
 as I shall by day, our lamentations will be pretty equal.

Zaide. By his death I am left destitute:—all is
 yours.

Ali. I must now take possession; but I should cease
 to remember all was mine, if you did not remind me of
 it. There, there, dry your eyes. Go to your chamber
 and be comforted.

Zaide. Oh, hang your comfort. *(aside)* My dear
 brother, I will try to follow your advice, but I fear in
 vain, my dear, dear brother *[exit.]*

Ali. I hate the kiss of a flatterer: if anything can
 choke charity, 'tis treacle stuff'd down our throats by

beggarly hand that administers wormwood as long as it can grasp a piece of gold.

Enter Morgiana.

Morg. Sir, sir!

Ali. Morgiana, is it you?

Morg. Yes, and now your slave.

Ali. My slave? my friend! My wife told me you gave her, and my children, a meal when they were almost starving. I shall never forget it.

Morg. Nay, my dear master, don't talk of it: but tell me, when you follow'd your brother to the forest, what became of you?

Ali. I crept to the forest in the dusk to watch the event of his expedition; and my blood curdled when I beheld his remains in the stream by the caravan, no doubt thrown there by the robbers: but how they were convey'd to this house, the infernals and celestials that watch over their abode, can best determine. What do you know of poor Cassim?

Morg. Entering his chamber, imagine my horror! I found his body. Upon his breast was placed this scroll. (*shows it*) "Morgiana, upon you depends the safety of the family." I felt the value of the charge.

Ali. And what have you done?

Morg. I remember'd a cobbler not far distant; a shrewd, cunning fellow: likely to do any thing for gain—him I engaged. I brought him blindfolded to Cassim's chamber, there he sewed his head to the body; that done, with the same precaution, I led him back to his stall and vanish'd from his sight. Cassim's friends are coming to the funeral, and all is ready.

Ali. Excellent Morgiana! how can I reward you? Now to meet the guests. Hold, Morgiana, the fairy of the lake gave me this phial; it contains a powerful charm—one single drop will produce instant death: do you take it, and on my return we will contrive to give some of the robbers a dose. Now for a sorrowful reprieve. Ah, if the face did but show the index

of the heart, I fancy many a mourner woud prove a merry one. *exit.*

Enter Ganem.

Ganem. Stay, Morgiana. Why do you thus cruelly keep me in suspense? why thus delay?

Morg. Let go my hand. *[takes her hand.]*

BUT—GANEM AND MORGIANA.

Ganem. Ah, cruel maid, too soon retiring,
Love's tender vows all fears remove.

Morg. Ah, cruel youth, too much desiring,
I dare not say how much I love.

Ganem. Yet why this haste?—

Morg. No more delay me, you must not stay.

Ganem. One moment yet—

Morg. You must not stay.

Togeth. } Ah, cruel maid, &c. &c.

 } Ah, cruel youth, &c. &c.

Morg. By love's pure and tender power,
This hand and heart I pledge to you
By the blessings of this hour,
To plighted vows forever true.
No more delay me, you must away.

Ganem. Yet why this haste? one moment stay.

Togeth. } Ah, cruel maid, too soon retiring, &c. &c.

 } Ah, cruel youth, too much desiring, &c.

 } No more delay, you must away, &c. &c.

 } Yet why this haste? one moment yet—

Togeth. } Ah, let me stay, &c.

 } Good night, good night, good night, &c.

SCENE III.—A STREET IN BAGDAD, WITH A COBLER'S
STALL.

Mustapha in his stall at work

Last week I took a wife,
And when I first did woo her,
I vow'd to stick through life,
Like cobbler's wax unto her.
But soon we went, by some mishap,
To loggerheads together;—
And when my wife began to strap—
Why I began to leather.
Fal de ral, lal lal de ral de ra.
Oh, I began to leather.

My wife without her shoes,
Is hardly three feet seven,
And I to all men's views,
Am full five feet eleven:
So when to take her down some pegs,
I drubb'd her neat and clever—
She made a bolt right through my legs,
And ran away for ever.
Fal der ral, &c.
And ran away, &c.

When she was gone, good lack!
My hair like hog's hair bristled;
I thought she'd come back,
So went to work and whistled.
Then let her go, I've got my stall,
Which may no robber rifle;
'Twould break my heart to lose my awl—
To lose my wife is a trifle.
Fal der ral, &c.
To lose, &c.

Has. Here will I begin my search. I'll question this fellow—cobler!

Must. Sir, to you—Tol lol de riddle, &c.

Has. Can you tell me what news is stirring?

Must. Rare news! we have a new tax upon leather.
Tol rol de rol, &c.

[hammering and going on with his song.]

Has. Do you call that rare news? why it will be the ruin of the shoe-makers.

Must. So much the better for the coblers. Take away the physicians and there's more work for the apothecaries.

Has. Why the apothecaries thrive by the physicians.

Must. Why that's true.—but take away physicians and apothecaries, I know a third set of men that would starve.

Has. Who are they?

Must. The undertakers.

Has. You have some fine houses in this quarter; do you know who inhabits them?

Must. Mostly coblers.

Has. Why you know there is not a single shed in the whole place except your own.

Must. No: they are coblers on a greater scale. This neighbourhood is full of statesmen and lawyers—law-founders and law-expounders; so they cobble the constitution between them.

Has. You are a shrewd fellow. But how can you see to work by this light? 'tis near dark.

Must. By any light, or no light, I am the man for a job in the dark.

Has. Indeed!

Must. What think you? last night I sewed a man's head to his body—there's a job.

Has. (eagerly) Where, where?

Must. That's past my cunning to find out.

Has. How so?

Must. Why I was blindfolded there and back.

Has. (*aside*) Ah, it must be the same; they have plann'd it deeply. Blindfolded you say? then you have no idea of the road you took?

Must. Not so bad as that, neither. I am so much used to go to bed without a candle to lose my way in the dark—I counted the turns I made.

Has. Ah, did you? do you think you could find them again?

Must. Yes—hood wink'd, but not otherwise.

Has. I should like you to try, for curiosity only. If you succeed, this shall reward you. [*shows a purse.*]

Must. On with the bandage then—I am your man. (*Hassarac blinds him*) Draw it tighter, if I see in the least I shall lose my way. (*kneels*) Now, fortune, dear blind lady, look down upon your poor blindfolded robber, see that he doesn't lose his way, and he'll run upon your blind errands for the rest of his life. (*rises*) Now follow me.

SCENE IV—A VIEW OF BAGDAD, WITH CASSIM'S HOUSE
A STEP AT THE DOOR.

Re-enter Mustapha and Hassarac.

Has. You're sure you're right?

Must. Don't puzzle me. Which way did I turn last?

Has. To the left.

Must. That's right.

Has. And now to the right.

Must. No, the right's wrong. (*pauses*) Let me see, let me see.

Has. Then I'll take off the bandage

Must. Be quiet:—I'm like an owl, and see best in the dark. (*goes to the door of Cassim's house*) This is the house.

Has. This

Must. It has one step. I know I had nearly broke my neck in coming out.

Has. It has—it has.

Mirza. Fortune be praised! the purse is mine.

Has. Take it.

[*gives it.*

Must. I always like to look at my money, so pull off the bandage.

[*takes it off.*

Has. Know you who lives here?

Must. (*examining the house*) Yes—it is!—this was Cassim's the rich merchant, who I heard this morning died suddenly. Now his brother has it—he who cut wood in the forest where the thieves are. You have heard of them.

Has. Yes, yes—often, often.

Must. A pack of rascals! but there's a rope growing for each of them. As for the captain, I would go any length to see him hang'd—wouldn't you?

Has. Yes, whenever he is hang'd I shall certainly be present. Damnation! (*aside*)

Must. Farewell, sir!—if ever you have lost your way or your heel-piece, I shall be proud of your custom. I work at fix'd prices in general, but if ever you wish to employ me in this way again, you'll always find me ready for a blind bargain.

[*Exit Mustapha.*

Enter Mirza

Has. Come near, come near. Where are your comrades?

Mirz. All ready in the oil jars.

Has. But where?

Mirz. At the next turning in the street.

Has. You all know the signal.

Mirz. Yes, all.

Has. This house contains our enemy; to-morrow's sun shall not see an inhabitant alive—away, away!—but stay—the gateway leads to the path behind the house—there go, and wait my coming.

[*Exit Mirza.*

What ho ! within there. [*knocks at the door*]. *have*
a subtle foe to deal with, and therefore the more dan-
gerous.

Enter a slave from the house.

Tell your master a stranger wishes to speak to him.

Now for stratagem. A well told lie wakes me and my
hand tenants for death within these walls, or this night
cancels the lease of life vested in the landlord.

Enter Ali Baba and slave from the house.

Ali. A stranger did you say !

Has. Pardon this intrusion, sir, but——

Ali. No intrusion at all, sir, for you haven't got into
my house yet. Who are you ?

Has. I am a merchant, arrived in this city with a
rich and valuable cargo ; the caravansera is too full to
admit me, and being a stranger here——

Ali. You are fearful of being robb'd in the streets.
there are a plaguy number of thieves in this town, I
assure you.

Has. It struck me that might be the case the mo-
ment I and my followers entered it

Ali. And you want a place of safety for your mer-
chandize ?

Has. Exactly so.

Ali. Your precaution was necessary: where's your
cargo ?

Has. At your gate behind the house.

Ali. Here, Hassin ! Benin ! place the merchant's
cargo under the ceranda in the garden ; it will be safe
there.

Has. How shall I thank you ?

Ali. Tell me I have done my duty ; any thing
more is flummery. What do you deal in ?

Has. Oil from Bussorah.

Ali. Oil !—why what door can creak on the hinges
in opening to you ? come in, sir,—and in the morning
I may assist you in the sale

Has. That morning you shall never see. (*aside*) I can never return this kindness.

Al. Yes, you may. Do the same to the next stranger that requires it, and we are quits. Come, sir, in.
[*exit into the house.*]

SCENE V—A COURTYARD BELONGING TO CASSIM'S HOUSE. TWO ROWS OF LARGE JARS FACING THE AUDIENCE. A GARDEN RAILING BETWEEN THE ROWS OF JARS. AN OPENING LEFT IN THE CENTRE. NIGHT.

Enter Hassarac, cautiously.

Has. 'Tis time to give my comrades orders for the manœuvres for the night. Ha, a light!—the servants too are still on foot about the court. I must retire and wait a further opportunity. [*exit.*]

Enter Morgiana with a lamp.

Morg. What's to be done? the lamp is going out for want of oil—how could I be so stupid? the merchant sure may spare a little.

[*goes to the jars; upon touching one she shrinks back.*]

Mirz. (*raising his head from one of the jars*) Is it time—is it time?

Morg. Not yet—not yet (*she then goes to the next jar and taps it, repeating—Not yet, and the same to the other jars. (apart)* In every jar there is a robber! the design is plain—it is to murder us. What's to be done?—ah, the charm! the fairy's charm! that will save us. (*takes out a phial, goes to the jars and pours into each—a slight smoke rises from each jar—robbers groan—she then comes forward and kneels. Appropriate music during the operation*) Kind Fairy! I'll be for ever grateful, ever obedient! (*rises*) Now to watch the pretended merchant.

Re-enter Hassarac, cautiously.

Has. Ail is dark at last. Now for the signal.
(whistles) At such a time surely they cannot sleep.
(whistles again) Still silent! what can this mean?
(goes to the jars) Death and hell! my faithful band
 destroyed! brave hearts, you shall be reveng'd, amply
 reveng'd. What's to be done? shall I, with my sabre
 force the rooms? my life I hold as nothing.—But no—
 alarm'd as they are, it would be vain. I must try my
 art.—Comrades brave comrades, an hour shall not
 pass, ere I will revenge, or share your fate. *[exit.*

Enter Ali Badu, meeting Morgiana.

Ali. Morgiana what's the matter?

Morg. Your life—the lives of all were in the great-
 est danger. See there. *(points to the jars)* In those
 jars are conceal'd the robbers of the cave, brought here
 by their captain

Ali. How were we-saved?

Morg. By the charm the fairy gave you. There
 they are lock'd—in sleep.

Ali. And where's the merchant, owner of the jars
 and Bussorah oil?

Morg. Escaped.

Ali. Faithful Morgiana! I not only owe my own
 life to you, but perhaps those of my whole family.
 You're no longer a slave, but my preserver; and shall
 before long become my daughter. *[exit.*

SONG—MORGIANA.

Ah, little blind boy, much too often you prove us,
 What tricks you delight in, how restless you reign;
 To all kinds of folly your aim is to move us,
 And pleasure derive from creating our pain.
 Ah, little blind boy, what sport you make of me
 Ah, what, &c.

Ah, to what mischief your malice poor mortals exposes,
 While nothing the sting of your dart can abate,
 Yet so strong is the spell your cunning imposes,
 That your absence is worse than the pain you create.
 Ah, little blind boy, &c. [exit.]

SCENE VI.--CASSIM'S PAVILION.

Enter Hassurac disguised, and a slave.

Slave. Who shall I say, sir, to my master?

Has. A dear friend returned from travel, whom
 your master has not seen for years. [exit slave]
 A friend, who will despatch *him* on his travels to the
 other world. But I must make him believe me that
 brother's friend who has set forth on his journey a very
 little while before him.

Enter Ali Baba and slave.

Ali. A stranger did you say?

Slave. Yes, sir [exit slave.]

Has. My bosom's companion, playmate of my
 youth, I ---

Ali. (*stares*) So, here's an old bosom friend, and an
 infant playmate that I never saw in my life before.

Has. I am mistaken--yet I cannot have mistaken
 the house--isn't this the residence of Cassim Baba?

Ali. It was till last night,--but he is now in more
 confined apartments and sleeps on a ground floor.
 He's dead.

Has. My friend, Cassim Baba? poor Cassim!
 while a friend's heart is bursting for you, a brother I
 find can let his fancy play over your silent grave.

Ali. And that brother can tell you, he is so just in
 paying his true debts, that he can't afford the hypocri-
 sy of a tear when it is not due to the departed. But
 come, sir, my brother's friends are mine as if he were
 alive. This way, sir, and take refreshment. [re-ent.]

SCENE VII—AN ELEGANT CHAMBER IN THE TURKISH
STYLE. AT THE BACK AN ARCH, WITH FOLDING DOORS.
COGIA AND GANEM DISCOVERED.

Cog. Here comes Ali Baba and a stranger with him.
Enter Ali Baba and Hassarac.

Ali. Wife, a friend of my late brother's. Bring forth the banquet.

[the folding doors open, and two slaves bring on a round table decorated with an elegant banquet, and four stools with handsome covers.]

Has. What, have you an entertainment?

Ali. Only a slight repast, sir, quite in the family way.

Has. This may interrupt my plan. *[aside.]*

Cog. Were you and my late brother acquainted intimately, sir?

Has. Intimately, madam. Was his death sudden?

Ali. So sudden, that he had not time to send for any assistance.

Has. I believe not. *(aside)* What was his complaint?

Ali. Affection of the head—a giddiness seiz'd him so violently that he could not hold it up, and carried him off all of a sudden.

Has. Artful evasion. *(aside)* Poor man!

Ali. But come, sir, we must not indulge in mournful reflections—sit down, sit down. *[they all sit.]*

Has. I did not expect this feast; but it shall not deter me from my purpose. *[aside.]*

Ali. Morgiana! *[calling.]*

Enter Morgiana in a dancing dress, veiled; a dagger in her girdle, with a gold jug and a carved gold goblet.

What have you got there?

Morg. Some Balsora wine of the highest flavour.

[pours wine into the goblet, and presents it to Hassarac, who receives it and starts]

Has. (*aside*) As I live the cavern goblet!

Ali. What surprises you, sir?

Has. The—the—exquisite workmanship of this goblet.

Ali. Yes, it's beautiful.

Has. Beautiful indeed! where did it come from?

Ali. It was my brother Cassim's.

Has. Oh, it was his! did he purchase it?

Ali. Yes—and paid pretty dearly for it.

Has. And did he give it to you?

Ali. No—he *left* it.

Has. Where?

Ali. Why, in the cav—poon! —why, he *left* it to me, to be sure.

Has. Oh, in his will.

Ali. No, in the cav—poon! —yes, in his will, to be sure. (*aside to Ganem and Cogia*) I'd just popp'd out the cavern.

Has. This goblet is yet to be paid for. (*aside*)

Ali. Come, sir, fill—I'll give you a toast that nearly concerns me; and I'll tell you why before we part. Here's confusion to the memory of the robbers of the forest! now for a dance. Morgiana!

Hassarac attempts to drink, but on hearing the toast starts, and drops a dagger cut of his sleeve, picks it up again with his right hand, puts it into his belt, and drinks with his left hand. Morgiana observes the dagger.

Morg. A dagger in his sleeve! what can this mean?

Hassarac looks with confusion at Morgiana, who assumes a careless air, then turns to Ali Baba and speaks to him in dumb show, as if satisfied that no one had noticed him.

Morg. (*looks at Hassarac*) Allah protect us! it is the pretended oil-merchant, the captain of the robbers—that dagger explains his purpose. Fairy of the lake inspire me.

[*Morgiana takes the tamborin and performs a dance, in the course of which Hassarac makes several attempts to stop Ali Baba, which Morgiana observing prevents by assuming different attitudes before Hassarac; and striking the tamborine in his ear without her intention being discovered by any one present. At the end of the dance Hassarac makes three motions—first, with his hand forward, as if to say “Now”—second, points his left hand to Ali, the right hand on his dagger—third, pulls it out to make a great blow at Ali.—Morgiana seizes his hand, wrests the dagger from him, and stabs him, leaving the dagger sticking in his breast.*

Hus. Oh!

[*Draws the dagger out with great pain and aims a blow at Ali, but misses, staggers back, falls and dies.*

Ali. Rash girl! what have you done, Morgiana?

Morg. I’ve reserv’d your life; destroy’d your enemy. Look there—that dagger was aim’d at you. Know you not that face?

Ali. (looking at him) ’Tis the captain of the banditti!

Morg. The last of your foes.

[*joyfully*

Ali. It is, it is! Ill-fated man, you have met the punishment justly due to your crimes. Morgiana, you are indeed my daughter. But let us haste from this scene of blood, and seek the fairy of the lake, to offer up our gratitude to her for our deliverance from the cruel monster.

[*exit*

SCENE VIII—A LANDSCAPE.

Gossamer enters sportively, waving her wand to bring on Ali Baba, &c. then goes off.

Ali Baba enters, followed by Gausm, Cogia, and Morgiana—they congratulate each other, and go off rejoicing at their escape from the hands of their enemies.

- Orcobrand enters watching them, full of rage and disappointment; but at length expresses his joy that he shall now have them in his power—follows exultingly, waving his wand.*

SCENE IX—ORCOBRAND'S CAVE.

- Mi Baba, Cogia, Ganem, and Morgiana discovered, guarded by Orcobrand and demons.*

Orcob. Detested mortals! confederates of my determined foe, whose potent machinations yield at length to my supremacy, and all her vaunted powers are vanished in oblivious vapour! you are now within my grasp, and direst vengeance shall await your crimes.
[*strikes the rock, the back of the arch opens and discovers*

A FIERY TRANSPARENCY.

Famine, Fraud, War, and Rapine drag on Abdallah and Zohr

There! behold my victims! bear witness to the inventive torments that shall piece-meal tear them. Ye active agents of my fell design, prepare! fast bind the wretches to yon massy rock.

Ard. (behind) Detested wretch! forbear

Abdal. To virtue true, we'll live and die together.

Orcob. Then take thy wish;—this moment ends the doubtful strife, and bitter anguish seals thy doom eternal.

Enter Ardinelle.

Ard. Hold, blasphemer! and for thy impious threats, now take the death you merit.

[*strikes Orcobrand with her wand, and he sinks in a flash of fire—thunder and lightning—waves her wand, and the scene changes to*

A SPLENDID FAIRY PALACE.

Gossamer and all the fairies discovered.

[*Ardiyelle joins the hands of Ganem and Morgiana,
Abdallah and Zelic.*]

A PAS-SEUL,

*by Gossamer, or a principal fairy, at the end of which
all the fairies join in, and the curtain drops.*

END OF "THE FORTY THIEVES."

LOVERS' QUARRELS:
OR,
LIKE MASTER, LIKE MAN.
A FARCE,—IN ONE ACT.
ALTERED FROM "THE MISTAKE."



NEW YORK,

PUBLISHED BY CHARLES WILEY, NO. 3 WALL STREET, N. Y.
CAREY, & I. LEA, AND M'CARTY & DAVIS, PHILADEL-
PHIA, AND SAM'L. H. PARKER, BOSTON.

.....
1825

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.



					Washington.
Don Carlos,	-	-	-	-	<i>Mr. Wemyss.</i>
Sancho,	-	-	-	-	<i>Jefferson.</i>
Lopez	-	-	-	-	<i>T. Jefferson</i>
Leonora,	-	-	-	-	<i>Mrs. Anderson.</i>
Jacinta	-	-	-	-	<i>Francis.</i>

*The lines distinguished by inverted commas are to
be omitted in the representation.*

LOVERS' QUARRELS: LIKE MASTER, LIKE MAN.

SCENE I—THE STREET.

Enter Carlos and Sancho.

Car. I tell thee, I am not satisfied; I'm in love enough to be suspicious of every body.

San. And yet, methinks, Sir, you should leave me out.

Car. It may be so; I can't tell; but I'm not at ease. If they don't make a knave, at least they'll make a fool of 'hee.

San. I don't believe a word on't. But, good faith, master, your love makes somewhat of you; I don't know what 'tis; but, methinks, when you suspect me, you don't seem a man of half those parts I used to take you for. Look in my face, 'tis round and comely, not one hollow line of a villain in it. Men of my fabric don't use to be suspected for knaves; and when you take us for fools, we never take you for wise men. For my part, in this present case, I take myself to be mighty deep. A stander-by, sir, sees more than a gamester. You are pleased to be jealous with your poor mistress without a cause; she uses you but too well, in my humble opinion; she sees you, and talks with you, till I am quite tired on't sometimes, and

your rival, that you are so scared about, forces a visit upon her about once in a fortnight.

Car. Alas! thou art ignorant in these affairs;—he that's the civillest received, is often the least cared for. Women appear warm to one, to hide a flame for another. Lorenzo, in short, appears too composed of late to be a rejected lover, "and the indifference he shows upon the favours I seem to receive from her, poisons the pleasure I else should taste in them, and keeps me on a perpetual rack." No—I would fain see some of his jealous transports, have him fire at the sight o' me, contradict me whenever I speak, affront me wherever he meets me, challenge me, fight me—

San. Run you thro' the guts—

Car. But he's too calm, his heart's too much at ease, to leave mine at rest.

San. "But, Sir, you forget that there are two ways for our hearts to get 'at ease; when our mistresses come to be very fond of us, or we—not to care a fig for them. Now, suppose upon the rebukes you know he has had, it should change to be the latter."

Car. "Again thy ignorance appears. Alas! a lover who has broke his chain will shun the tyrant that enslaved him. Indifference never is his lot; he loves or hates forever; and if his mistress prove another's prize, he cannot calmly see her in his arms."

San. For my part, master, I'm not so great a philosopher as you be, nor (thank my stars) so bitter a lover; but what I see, that I generally believe: and when Jacinta tells me she loves me dearly, I have good thoughts enough of my person never to doubt the truth on't. See, here the baggage comes.

Enter Jacinta with a letter.

Hist! Jacinta! my dear.

Jacin. Who's that? Blunderbuss: Where's your master?

San. Hard by

[shouting him]

Jacin. O, Sir, I'm glad I have found you at last! I believe I have travelled five miles after you, and could neither find you at home, nor in the walks, nor at church, nor at the opera, nor-----

San. Nor any where else where he was not to be found. If you had looked for him where he was, 'twas ten to one but you had met with him.

Jacin. I had, Jack-a-dandy!

Car. But pr'ythee, what's the matter? who sent you after me?

Jacin. One who's never well but when she sees you; I think 'twas my lady.

Car. Dear Jacinta, I fain would flatter myself, but am not able. The blessing's too great to be my lot. Yet 'tis not well to trifle with me; how short soe'er I am in other merit, the tenderness I have for Leonora claims something from her generosity. I should not be deluded.

Jacin. And why do you think you are? Methinks she's pretty well above-board with you. What must be done more to satisfy you?

San. Why, Lorenzo must hang himself, and then we are content.

Jacin. How! Lorenzo?

San. If less will do, he'll tell you.

Jacin. Why, you are not mad, Sir, are you? Jealous of him? Pray, which way may this have got into your head? I took you for a man of sense before. Is this your doings, log?

[to Sancho]

San. No, forsooth, peit, I'm not much given to suspicion, as you can tell, Mrs. Forward—if I were, I might find more cause, I guess, than your mistress has given our master here. But I have so many pretty thoughts of my own person, housewife, more than I have of yours, that I stand in dread of no man.

Jacin. That's the way to prosper; however, so far I'll confess the truth to thee, at least, if that don't do, nothing else will. Men are mighty simple in love.

matter, Sir. When you suspect a woman's falling off, you fall n plaguing her to bring her on again, attack her with reason and a sour face. God's life, Sir, attack her with a fiddle! double your good-humour, give her a ball, powder your periwig at her, let her cheat you at cards a little, and I'll warrant all's right again. "But to come upon a poor woman with the gloomy face of jealousy, before she gives the least occasion for it, is to set a complaisant rival in too favourable a light. Sir, Sir, I must tell you, I have seen those who have owed their success to nothing else."

Car. Say no more I have been to blame; but there shall be no more on't.

Jacin. I should punish you but justly, however, for what's past, if I carried back what I have brought you. But I'm good natured; so, here 'tis; open it, and see how wrong you tuned your jealousy.

Car. (*reads*) "If you love me with that tenderness you have made me long believe you do, this letter will be welcome; 'tis to tell you, you have leave to plead a daughter's weakness to a father's indulgence; and if you prevail with him to lay his commands upon me, you shall be as happy as my obedience to them can make you."
LEONORA."

Then I shall be what man w^h never yet. (*kissing the letter*) Ten thousand blessings on thee for thy news. I could adore thee as a deity. [*embracing Jacinta.*]

San. True flesh and blood, every inch of her, for all that.

Car. (*reads again.*) "And if you prevail with him to lay his commands upon me, you shall be as happy as my obedience to them can make you."—Oh, happy, happy Carlos!—But what shall I say to thee, for this welcome message? (*to Jacinta.*) Alas, I want words! But let this speak for me, and this, and this, and— [*giving her his ring, watch, and purse.*]

San. Hold, Sir; pray, leave a little something for our

FIRST.

LIKE MASTER, LIKE MAN.

board wages. You can't carry them all, I believe.
(to Jacinta), Shall I ease you of this?

Jacinta. No; but you may carry—that, sirrah.
[offering to take the purse]

San. The jade's grown purse-proud already.
[giving him a box o' the ear]

Car. Well, dear Jacinta, say something to your charming mistress, that I am not able to say myself; but, above all, excuse my late unpardonable folly, and offer her my life to expiate my crime.

Jacinta. The best plea for pardon will be never to repeat the fault.

Car. If that will do, 'tis sealed forever.

Jacinta. Enough. But I must begone. Success attend you with the old gentleman. Good bye t'ye, Sir.
[exit.]

Car. Eternal blessings follow thee.

San. I think she has taken them all with her; the jade has got her apron full.

Car. Is not that Lorenzo's man coming this way?

San. Yes, 'tis he. Shall I draw him on a Scotch pair of boots, master, and make him tell all?

Car. Some questions I must ask him: call him hither.

San. Hem! Lopez, hem!
Enter Lopez.

Lop. Who calls?

San. I and my master.

Lop. I can't stay.

San. You can indeed, Sir. [laying hold on him.]

Car. Whither, in such haste, honest Lopez? What, upon some love-errand?

Lop. Sir, your servant; I ask your pardon; but I was going—

Car. I guess where; But you need not be so shy of me any more, thy master and I are no longer rivals; I have yielded up the cause: the lady will have it so, so I submit.

Lop. Is it possible, Sir? Shall I then live to see my master and you friends again? I'm afraid you are pleas'd to be merry with your poor lufable servant.

Car. "I'm not at present much disposed to mirth: 'tis in vain to pursue a woman whose heart already is another's. 'Tis what I have so plainly seen of late, I have roused my resolution to my aid and broke my chains for ever."

Lop. Well, Sir, to be plain with you, that is the joy-fullest news I have heard this long time. for I always knew you to be a mighty honest gentleman: and, good faith, it often went to the heart o' me, to see you so abused. Dear, dear, have I often said to myself (when they have had a private meeting just after you have been gone)——

Car. Ha!

San. Hold, master, dont kill him yet. [*aside to Car.*

Lop. I say, I have said to myself, what wicked things are women, and what pity it is they should be suffered in a Christian country! what a shame they should be allowed to play Will-in-the-wisp with men of honour, and lead them through thorns and briars and rocks and rugged ways, till their hearts are torn in pieces, like an old coat in a fox chase! I say, I have said to myself

Car. Thou hast said enough to thyself; but say a little more to me. Where were these secret meetings thou talkest of?

Lop. In sundry places, and by divers ways; sometimes in the cellar, sometimes in the garret, sometimes in the court, sometimes in the gutter; but the place where the kiss of kisses was given was——

Car. In hell.

Lop. Sir!

Car. Thou liest, villain!

Lop. I dont know but I may, Sir——What the devil's the matter now? [*aside*

Car. There's not one word of truth in all thy cursed tongue has uttered.

Lop. No, Sir—I—I—believe there is not.

Car. Why then didst thou say it, wretch?

Lop. Oh———only in jest, Sir

Car. I am not in a jesting condition.

Lop. Nor?———at present, Sir.

Car. Speak then the truth, as thou would'st do it at the hour of death.

Lop. Yes, at the gallows, and be turned off as soon as I've done. [aside

Car. What's that you murmur?

Lop. Nothing but a short prayer.

Car. I am distracted, and fright the wretch from telling me what I am upon the rack to know. (aside)
Forgive me, Lopez. I am to blame to speak thus harshly to thee. Let this obtain my pardon. (giving him money)
Thou seest I am disturbed.

Lop. Yes, Sir, I see I have been led into a snare; I have said too much.

Car. And yet thou must say more; nothing can lessen my torment but a farther knowledge of what causes my misery. Speak then, have I any thing to hope?

Lop. Nothing, but that you may be a happier bachelor than my master may probably be a married man.

Car. Married, say'st thou?

Lop. I did, Sir, and I believe he'll say so too in a twelvemonth.

Car. Oh, torment!———But give me more on't; when, how, to whom, where?

Lop. Yesterday, to Leonora, by the parson, in the pantry.

Car. Look'to't, if this be false, thy life shall pay the torment thou hast given me. Begone!

Lop. With the body and the soul o' me. [exit

San. Rase news, master.

Car. Now my insulting rival's smile speaks out. Oh, cursed, cursed woman!

Enter Jacinta.

Jacin. I'm come in haste to tell you, Sir, that as soon

as the moon's up, my lady will give you a meeting in the close walk by the back-door of the garden; she thinks she has something to propose to you will certainly get her father's consent to marry you.

Car. Past sufferance! this aggravation is not to be borne. Go, thank her—with my curses—fly—and let them blast her while their venom's strong. *[exit]*

Jacin. Won't thou explain? What's this storm for?

San. And dar'st thou ask me questions, smooth-sac'd iniquity, crocodile of Nile, syren of the rocks? Go, carry back the too gentle answer thou hast received; only let me add with the poet.

We are no fools, trollop, my master nor me;

And thy mistress may go—to the devil with thee. *[exit]*

Jacin. Am I awake?—I fancy not. A very idle dream this. Well, I'll go talk in my sleep to my lady about it, and when I awake, we'll try what interpretation we can make on't. *[exit]*

SCENE II—A CHAMBER.

Enter Leonora and Jacinta.

Jacin. You see me as much enraged at it as you are yourself, yet my brain is roving after the cause, for something there must be; never letter was received by man with more passion and transport; I was almost as charming a goddess as yourself, only for bringing it. Yet, when in a moment after I came with a message worth a dozen on't, never was witch so handled; something must have passed between one and t'other, that's sure.

Leon. Nothing could pass worth my inquiring after, since nothing could happen that can excuse his usage of me; he had a letter under my hand which owned him master of my heart; and till I contradicted it with my mouth, he ought not to doubt the truth on't.

Jacin. Nay, I confess, Madam, I han't a word to say for him. I'm afraid he's but a rogue at bottom, as well as my Shameless that attends him; we are bit by my troth, and haply well enough served, for listening to the glib tongues of the rascals; but be comforted, Madam; they'll fall into the hands of some foul sluts or other, before they die, that will set our account even with 'em.

Leo. Well, let him laugh; let him glory in what he has done: he shall see I have a spirit can use him as I ought.

Jacin. And let one thing be your comfort, by the way, Madam, that in spite of all your dear affections to him, you have had the grace to keep him at arm's end. You han't thanked me for't; but, good faith, 'twas well I did not stir out of the chamber that fond night;—for there are times the stoutest of us are in danger, the rascals wheedle so.

Leo. In short, my very soul is fired with this treatment; and if ever that perfidious monster should relent, though he would crawl like a poor worm beneath my feet, nay, plunge a dagger in his heart, to bleed for pardon: I charge thee strictly, charge thee on thy life, thou do not urge a look to melt me toward him, but strongly buoy me up in brave resentment; and if thou seest (which heaven avert) a glance of weakness in me, rouse to my memory the vile wrongs I've borne, and blazon 'em with skill in all their glaring colours.

Jacin. Madam, never doubt me; I am charged to the mouth with fury, and if ever I meet that fat traitor of mine, such a volley will I pour about his ears—Now heaven prevent all hasty vows; but in the humour I am, methinks I'd die unmarried before I'd simmer at the rascal.

SCENE III--A STREET.

Enter Don Carlos and San. h.

Car. Repulsed again! This is not to be borne. What though this villain's story be a falsehood, was I to ~~have~~ ^{be} to hearken to it? How was it she treated thee?

San. Never was ambassador worse received. Madam, my master asks ten thousand pardons, and humbly begs one moment's interview:—Begone, you rascal, you. Madam, what answer shall I give my master?—Tell him he's a villain.—Indeed, fair lady, I think this 's hasty treatment.—Here, my footman, toss me this fellow out at the window; and away she went to her devotions.

Car. Did you see Jacinta?

San. Yes; she saluted me with half-a-score rogues and rascals, too. I think our destinies are much alike, Sir: and o' my conscience, a couple of scurvy jades we are hampered with.

Car. Ungrateful woman! to receive with such contempt so quick a return of a heart so justly alarm'd.

San. Ha, ha, ha!

Car. What, no allowance to be made to the first transports of a lover's fury. As just as my suspicions were, have I long suffer'd them to arraign her?

San. No.

Car. Have I waited for oath or imprecations to clear her?

San. No.

Car. Nay, even now, is not the whole world still in suspense about her, whilst I alone conclude her innocent?

San. 'Tis very true.

Car. She might, methinks, through this profound respect, observe a flame another world have cherished; she might support me against groundless fears, and save me from a rival's tyranny: she might release me.

from these cruel racks, and would, no doubt, if she could love as I do.

San. I am sure.

Car. But since she dont, what do I do whiling here? Curse on the base humilities of love!

San. Right.

Car. Let children kiss the rod that slays them; let dogs lie down and lick the shoe that spurns them.

San. Ay.

Car. I am a man, by nature meant for power; the sceptre's given us to wield, and we betray our trust whenever we meanly lay it at a woman's feet.

San. True; we are men; boo!—Come, master, let us both be in a passion; here's my sceptre. (*showing a cudgel*) Subject Jacinta, look about you Sir, was you ever in Muscovy? The women there love the men dearly. Why? Because—(*shaking his stick*) There's your love powder for you. Ah, Sir, were we but wise and stout, what work should we make with them! But this humble love-making spoils them all. A rare way indeed to bring matters about with them! we are persuading them all day they are angels and goddesses, in order to use them at right like human creatures. We are like to succeed, truly.

Car. For my part, I never yet could bear a sight from any thing, nor will I now. There's but one way, however, to resent it from a woman, and that's to drive her bravely from your heart, and place a worthier in her vacant throne.

San. Now, with submission to my betters, I have another way, Sir; I'll drive my tyrant from my heart, and place myself on her throne. Yes; I will be lord of my own tenement, and keep my household in order. Would you would do so too, master; for look you, I have been servitor in a college at Salamanca, and read philosophy with the doctors; where I found, that a woman, in all times, has been observed to be an animal hard to understand, and much inclined to mis-

chief. Now as an animal is always an animal, and a captain always a captain, so a woman is always a woman; whence it is, that a certain Greek says, her head is like a bank of sand; or, as another, a solid rock; or, according to a third, a dark lanthorn. Pray, Sir, observe, for this is close reasoning; and so as the head is the head of the body: and that the body without a head, is like a head without a tail: and that, where there is neither head nor tail, 'tis a very strange body; so I say, a woman is by comparison, do you see, (for nothing explains things like comparisons) I say by comparison, as Aristotle has often said before me, one may compare her to the raging sea: for, as the sea, when the wind rises knits its brow like an angry bull, and that waves mount upon rocks, and rocks mount upon waves: that porpoises leap like trouts, and whales skip about like gudgeons; that ships roll like beer-barrels, and mariners pray like saints; just so, I say, a woman—a woman, I say, just so, when her reason is ship-wrecked upon her passion, and the hulk of her understanding lies thumping against the rock of her fury; then it is, I say, that by certain imotions, which—um—cause, as one may suppose, a sort of convulsion—yes—huricanious—um—like—in short, a woman is like the devil, Sir.

Car. Admirably reasoned indeed, Sancho.

San. Pretty well, I thank heaven; but here come the crocodiles to weep us into mercy.

Enter Leonora and Jacinta.

Master let us show ourselves men, and leave their briny tears to wash their dirty faces.

Car. It is not in the power of charms to move me.

San. Nor me, I hope; and yet I fear those eyes will look outsharp to snatch up such a prize.

[points to Jacinta.]

Jacin. He's coming to us, Master, to beg pardon, but sure you'll never grant it him?

Car. If I do, may heaven ne'er grant me mine.

Jacin. That's brave.

Car. You look, Madam, upon me, as if you thought I came to trouble you with my usual importunities; I'll ease you of that pain, by telling you, my business now is calmly to assure you, but I assure it you with heaven and hell for seconds; for may the joys of one fly from me, whilst the pains of t'other overtake me, if all your charms displayed e'er shake my resolution; I'll never see you more.

San. Bon.

Leo. You are a man of that nice honour, Sir, I know you'll keep your word; I expected this assurance from you, and came this way only to thank you for't.

Jacin. Very well.

Car. You did, imperious dame, you did! "How base is woman's pride! How wretched are the ingredients it is formed of. If you saw cause for just disdain, why did you not at first repulse me? Why lead a slave in chains, that could not grace your triumphs." If I am thus to be contemned, think on the favours you have done the wretch, and hide your face for ever.

San. Well argued.

Leo. I own you have hit the only fault the world can charge me with: the favours I have done to you, I am indeed ashamed of; but since women have their frailties, you'll allow me mine.

Car. 'Tis well, extremely well, Madam; I'm happy, however, you at last speak frankly; I thank you for it, from my soul I thank you; but don't expect me groveling at your feet again; don't for if I do—

Leo. You'll be treated as you deserve; trod upon.

Car. Give me patience;—but I don't want it; I am calm. Madam, farewell; be happy, if you can; by heavens, I wish you so; but never spread your net for me again; for if you do—

Leo. You'll be running into it.

Car. Rather run headlong into fire and flames.

rather be torn with pincers bit from bit; rather be broiled like martyrs upon gridirons——But I am wrong; this sounds like passion, and heaven can tell I am not angry. Madam, I think we have no further business together; your most humble servant.

Leo. Farewell, Sir.

Car. Come along. (*To Sancho. Exit and returns.*) Yet once more before I go, (lest you should doubt my resolution) may I starve, perish, if I, from this moment, change one word or look with you

[*Exit Carlos. Sancho claps him on the back.*]

Leo. Content. Come away, Jacinta. [*Exeunt Carlos returns*]

Car. Yet one word, Madam, if you please. I have a little thing here belongs to you, a foolish bauble I once was fond of (*twitching her picture from his breast*) Will you accept a trifle from your servant?

Leo. Willingly, Sir. 't have a bauble too, I think you have some claim to; you'll wear it for my sake.

[*breaks a bracelet from her arm, and gives it him.*]

Car. Most thankfully, this too I should restore you, it once was yours. ——— (*giving her a table book*) I think you did me once the honour to write it with your own fair hand. Here it is. [*reads.*]

You love me, Carlos, and would know
The secret movements of my heart;
Whether I give you mine or no,
With yours methinks, I'd never, never part.

'Thus you have encouraged me, and thus you have deceived me.

San. Very true.

Leo. I have some faithful lines, too; I think I can produce them.

[*pulls out a table-book; reads, and then gives it him.*]

How long so'er, to sigh in vain.
My destiny may prove,

My fate (in spite of your disdain)
Will let me glory in your chain,
And give me leave eternally to loze.

There, Sir, take your poetry again (*throwing it at his feet*) 'Tis not much the worse for my wearing; 'twill serve again upon a fresh occasion.

Jacin. Well done.

Car. I believe I can return the present, Madam, with--- a pocket full of your prose---There---
(*throwing a handful of letters at her feet.*)

Leo. Jacinta, give me his letters. There, Sir, not to be behind-hand with you.

(*Takes a handful of letters out of a box, and throws them in his face.*)

Jacin. And there, and there, and there, Sir.

(*Jacinta throws the rest at him.*)

San. 'Ods my life, we want ammunition; but for a shift---There, and there, you saucy slut, you.

(*Sancho pulls a pack of dirty cards out of his pocket, and throws them at her.*)

Jacin. I think, Madam, we have clearly the better on't.

Leo. For a proof, I resolve to keep the field.

Jacin. Have a care he don't rally, and beat you yet, though. Pray walk off.

Leo. Fear nothing.

San. How the armies stand and gaze at one another after the battle! What think you, Sir, of showing yourself a great general, by making an honourable retreat?

Chr. I scorn it. Oh, Leonora! Leonora! A heart like mine should not be treated thus.

Leo. Carlos! Carlos! I have not deserved this usage.

Car. "Barbarous Leonora! but 'tis useless to reproach you; she that is capable of what you have done, is formed too cruel ever to repent of it. Go on, then, tyrant; make your bliss complete: torment

me still, for still, alas! I love enough to be tormented."

Leo. "Ah, Carlos! little do you know the tender movements of that thing you name: the heart, where love presides, admits no thought against the honour of its ruler."

Car. "'Tis not to call that honour into doubt, but conscious of our unworthiness, we interpret every frown to our own destruction."

Leo. "When jealousy proceeds from such humble apprehensions, it shows itself with more respect than yours has done."

Car. "And where a heart is guiltless, it easily forgives a greater crime."

Leo. "Forgiveness is not now in our debate, if both have been in fault, 'tis fit that both should suffer for it; our separation will do justice on us."

Car. But since we are ourselves the judges of our crimes, what if we should inflict a gentler punishment?

Leo. 'Twould but encourage us to sin again.

Car. And if it should—

Leo. 'Twould give a fresh occasion for the pleasing exercise of mercy.

Car. Right; and so we act the part of earth and heaven together, of men and gods, and taste of both their pleasures.

Leo. The banquet's too inviting to refuse it.

Car. Then let us fall on, and feed upon it for ever,
[*Carries her off, embracing her, and kissing her hand.*]

Jacin. Ah, woman! foolish woman!

San. Very foolish, indeed.

Jacin. But don't expect I'll follow her example!

San. You would, Mopsy, if I'd let you.

Jacin. I'd sooner tear my eyes out! Ah—that she had a little of my spirit in her.

San. I believe I shall find thou hast a great deal of her flesh, my charmer! but 'twould do; I am all rock, but very marble.

Jacin. A very pumice-stone, you rascal, you, if one would try thee; but to prevent thy humilities, and show thy submission would be vain, to convince thee thou hast nothing but misery and despair before thee, here—take back thy paltry thumble, and be in my debt for the shirts I have made thee with it.

San. Nay, if y'are at that sport, mistress, I believe I shall lose nothing by the balance of thy present. There, take thy tobacco-box. 'twill serve to give to another.

Jacin. Here—take thy satin pincushion, with thy curious half-hundred of pins in it, thou mad'st such a vapouring about yesterday. 'twill tell them carefully; there's not one wanting.

San. There's thy ivory-hanted knife again, whet it well, 'tis so blunt 'twill cut nothing but love.

Jacin. And there's thy pretty pocket-scissors thou hast honoured me with—they'll cut off a leg or an arm, heaven bless them.

San. Here's the enchanted handkerchief you were pleased to endear with your precious blood, when the violence of your love at dinner t'other day, made your nose bleed—there—

[Blows his nose in it, and gives it to her.]

Jacin. The rascal provokes me, I won't even keep his paltry garters from him. Do you see these, you pitiful, beggarly scoundrel, you?—There, take 'em—there.

[She throws the garters at him.]

San. I have but one thing more of mine. *(showing his cudgel)* I own 'tis the top of all thy presents, and might be useful to me; but that thou may'st have nothing to upbraid me with, e'en take it again with the rest of them.

[Lifting it up to strike her, she leaps about his neck.]

Jacin. Ah, cruel Sancha!—Now beat me, Sancho, do.

San. Rascals like lewdian beggars, beat my precious
[He throws away his stick, and embraces her]

Rather let infants' blood about the streets,
 Rather let all the wine about the cellar,
 Rather let — Oh, Jacinta, thou hast o'ercome, &c.
 How foolish are the great resolves of man!
 Resolves which we neither would keep, nor can.
 When those bright eyes in kindness please to shine,
 Their goodness I must needs return with mine;
 Bless my Jacinta in her Sancho's arms——
Ja cin. And I my Sancho with Jacinta's charms.
[Exeunt.]

END OF "LOVERS' QUARRELS," &c.

